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THE IMP OF SPRING-TIME.

OVER the eaves where the sunbeams fall
Twitters the swallow;
I hear from the mountains the cataract call:
Follow, oh, follow!

Buds on the bushes and blooms on the mead
Swiftly are swelling;
Hark! the Spring whispereth: "Make ye with speed
Ready my dwelling."

Out of the tremulous blue of the air
Calling before her,
Who was it bade me "Awake and prepare,
Thou, mine adorer!"

"Leave me," I said; "I have known thee of old,
Love, the annoyer,
Arming, at last, with thine arrows of gold,
Time, the Destroyer."

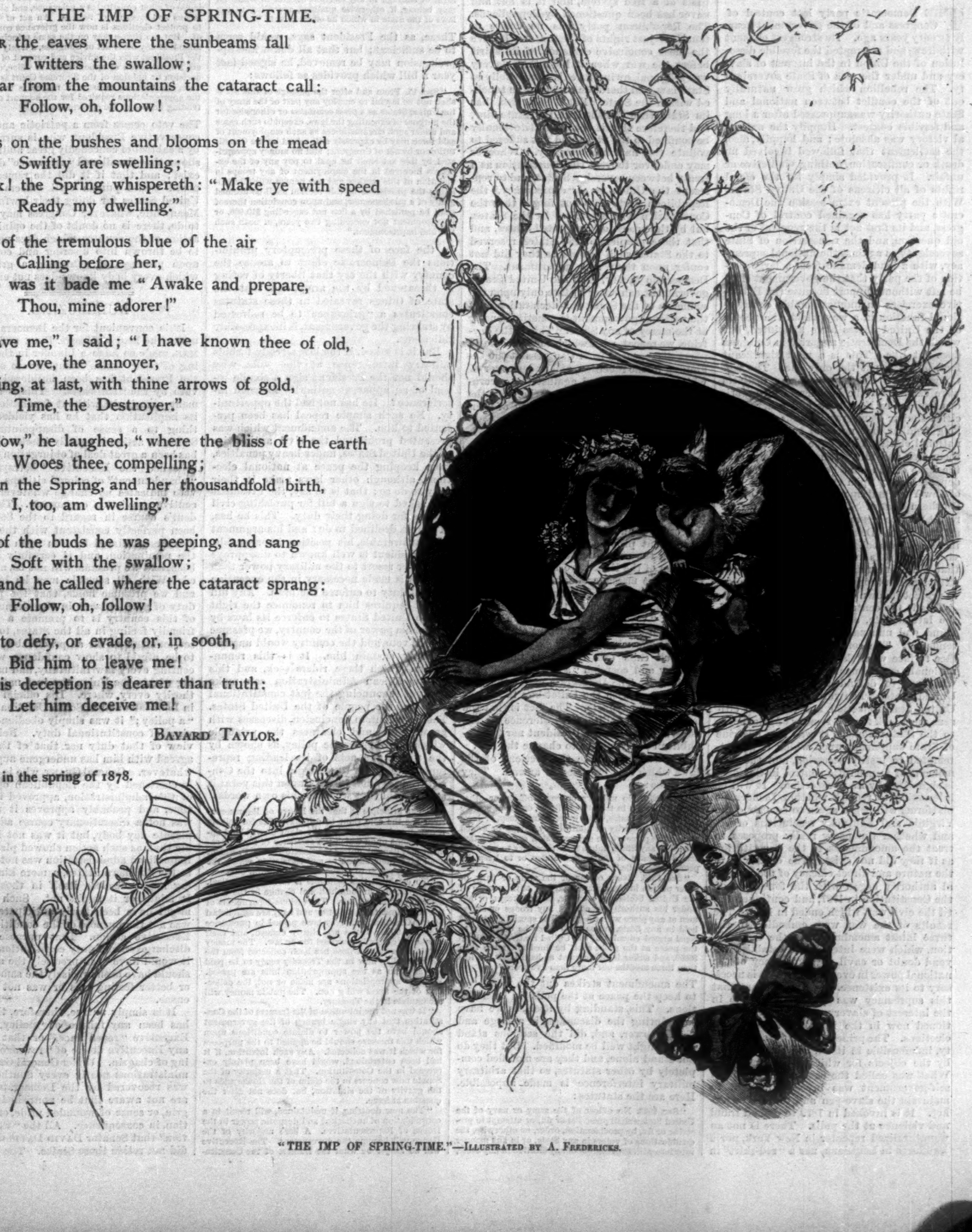
"Follow," he laughed, "where the bliss of the earth
Wooes thee, compelling;
Yet in the Spring, and her thousandfold birth,
I, too, am dwelling."

Out of the buds he was peeping, and sang
Soft with the swallow;
Yea, and he called where the cataract sprang:
Follow, oh, follow!

Vain to defy, or evade, or, in sooth,
Bid him to leave me!
But his deception is dearer than truth:
Let him deceive me!

BAYARD TAYLOR.

Written in the spring of 1878.



"THE IMP OF SPRING-TIME."—ILLUSTRATED BY A. FREDERICKS.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1879.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains two spirited pictures relating to the war in Zululand, and the conclusion of* "THE DISTRACTED YOUNG PREACHER."

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

STATE SOVEREIGNTY.

THE Democratic party lost control of Congress and of the government nearly twenty years ago. Its strongest element withdrew, and attempted the forcible dissolution of the Union in the interest of slavery and under the plea of State sovereignty. The rebellion which grew naturally out of the conflict between national and State authority was suppressed after a long and terrible contest. Happily the national victory was absolute; and happily, also, the settlement that followed involved no death or confiscation, nothing vindictive or unfair. It provided simply for the equal rights of all citizens of the United States. With the present extra session the Democratic party has regained control of Congress, and its first act is the renewal of the old question, and the re-assertion of State sovereignty as against the national supremacy, with a loud demand from a large portion of the party that the government shall be left without support because the Executive exercises an unquestionable constitutional function in a way which the people of the United States have appointed, but which the Democratic majority in Congress does not like. This is a most significant fact, but it is not the only one. The last Congressional elections in many districts were carried for the Democrats by notorious fraud. In New York and other great cities similar Democratic frauds had been long familiar, but national supervision of national elections has done much to make them free and fair. It is now plain that the issue of the next general election will depend largely upon the result in the city of New York, and upon the "solidity" of the Southern States. The chances that that result may be Democratic, and that solidity secured for the Democrats, would be largely increased by abolishing all national supervision; and it is under these circumstances that the Democratic party denies the constitutional authority of the national Union to protect its own elections in the States.

This is the central and vital question of the late debate, and it explains the profound and unusual feeling which has attended it. The country has been brought face to face with the proposition that the national government has no authority whatever to defend the citizens of the United States when voting in a State at a United States election, and that such citizens must look for the remedy of grievances to the States alone. It was this doctrine of State supremacy upon which it was attempted to justify secession, and the first moment of Democratic control in Congress is signalized by its re-assertion. It will be interesting to remark whether Democratic platforms will begin again to commend the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions of '98, and whether the party really proposes to treat the amendments to the Constitution as if they did not exist. The debate as to the nature and direct efficacy of the national authority began with the formation of the Constitution in 1787, and continued until the civil war, which ended in 1865. The results of the war were embodied in the three latest amendments to the Constitution, which were intended to establish beyond doubt or cavil the supremacy of the national power in every thing which is necessary to its existence. It is significant that this supremacy was questioned before in the interest of slavery, and that it is questioned now in the interest of fraudulent elections. The principle of State sovereignty, indefensible in itself, has been befouled by the objects for which it was asserted. What was called the sacred right of local self-government was invoked in 1861 to maintain the slave-pen and the slave-market. It is invoked in 1879 to defend fraud and violence at the polls. There is not an unnaturalized repeater in New York, nor a bulldozer in Louisiana, nor a "red-shirt" in South Carolina, who is not sure that nothing is so unconstitutional as the national defense of the rights of the national citizen at a national election.

The just rights of the States, "the sacred right of local self-government," are quite as precious to the loyal and intelligent people of this country known as Republicans, as they are to the ancient defenders of the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions. The laws of the United States are uniform in their operation. Does any good citizen of Maine or Iowa feel that his individual rights or the rights of his State are touched or threatened by any law of the United States now upon the statute-book? Does he or does his State stand in need of defense against the national power? Has there ever been a time in our history when the danger to the Union did not spring from the unjust assertion of State sovereignty? The rebellion itself did not allege any unconstitutional invasion of State right by national authority; it was the naked assertion of the "right" of any sovereign State to dissolve the Union at its pleasure. Local government is the basis of a free system, and it is not and never has been questioned by Republicans. The Republican party has no desire to touch the just rights of the States. It gave the most conclusive evidence of its spirit before the war when it held that slavery was sectional, owing its existence wholly to State law, and therefore could not be touched within the State. But it held, also, that its State title vanished at the State line, and therefore that it could constitutionally be confined to the State, and not suffered to pollute the national territory. Whoever may endeavor to treat the Constitution as a treaty between sovereign States, and to represent the Union as a "confederacy," the Republican party does not forget that the Constitution was made, not by the States, but by the people of the United States, and that those people, not the States, reserved to the States such powers as they did not confer upon their new government. The Democratic theory, that the United States government can enter a State only upon the summons of the State, is a declaration that the national government is constitutionally at the mercy of any State. This is the doctrine, we repeat, with which the Democratic party disappeared from Congress at the beginning of the rebellion, and under cover of which war was waged against the government; and it is with this doctrine that the Democratic party resumes control of Congress.

THE VETO.

THE veto message is now familiar to our readers. It is a vigorous and conclusive paper, exposing thoroughly the absurdity of the cry that there is any wish or purpose to use the army at the polls, showing also the crudity and haste of the method of amendment proposed, and completely unmasking the consequences of an attempted coercion of the Executive by a rider of this kind. The message effectually disposes of the stupid party "gag" about "bayonets at the polls," "threatening the liberties of the people," "voting in a file of soldiers," all of which phrases the few statutes cited in the message show to be simply silly. The *Herald* well calls this ridiculous talk about tyranny and coercion "a feigned and foolish issue." The Democrats assert that the Republicans wish the ballot-box to be surrounded by bayonets. The fact is that the law prohibits military interference at the polls, and neither the President nor the Republican party wishes to change the law.

We will first quote the sections of the laws which it is proposed to amend. They are these:

> "SEC. 2002. No military or naval officer, or other person engaged in the civil, military, or naval service of the United States, shall order, bring, keep, or have under his authority or control any troops or armed men at the place where any general or special election is held in any State, unless it be necessary to repel the armed enemies of the United States, or to keep the peace at the polls."
>
> "SEC. 5528. Every officer of the army or navy, or other person in the civil, military, or naval service of the United States, who orders, brings, keeps, or has under his authority or control any troops or armed men at any place where a general or special election is held in any State, unless such force be necessary to repel armed enemies of the United States, or to keep the peace at the polls, shall be fined not more than $5000, and suffer imprisonment at hard labor not less than three months nor more than five years."

The amendment strikes out the words "or to keep the peace at the polls" in both sections. This, standing by itself, as we have said during the discussion, is a large and vague power, and, did the sections stand alone, might well be modified. But they do not stand alone, and they are modified completely by other statutes, so that arbitrary military interference is made impossible. Here are the statutes:

> "SEC. 2003. No officer of the army or navy of the United States shall prescribe or fix, or attempt to prescribe or fix, by proclamation, order, or otherwise, the qualifications of voters in any State, or in any manner interfere with the freedom of any election in any State, or with the exercise of the free right of suffrage in any State."
>
> "SEC. 5529. Every officer or other person in the military or naval service who, by force, threat, intimidation, order, advice, or otherwise, prevents or attempts to prevent any qualified voter of any State from freely exercising the right of suffrage at any general or special election in such State, shall be fined not more than $5000, and imprisoned at hard labor not more than five years.
>
> "SEC. 5530. Every officer of the army or navy who prescribes, or fixes, or attempts to prescribe or fix, whether by proclamation, order, or otherwise, the qualifications of voters at any election in any State, shall be punished as provided in the preceding section.
>
> "SEC. 5531. Every officer or other person in the military or naval service who, by force, threat, intimidation, order, or otherwise, compels or attempts to compel any officer holding an election in any State to receive a vote from a person not legally qualified to vote, or who imposes or attempts to impose any regulation for conducting any general or special election in a State different from those prescribed by law, or who interferes in any manner with any officer of an election in the discharge of his duty, shall be punished as prescribed in Section 5529.
>
> "SEC. 5532. Every person convicted of any of the offenses specified in the five preceding sections shall, in addition to the punishments therein severally prescribed, be disqualified from holding any office of honor, profit, or trust under the United States; but nothing in those sections shall be construed to prevent any officer, soldier, sailor, or marine from exercising the right of suffrage in any election district to which he may belong, if otherwise qualified according to the laws of the State in which he offers to vote."

These, as the President says, would seem to be sufficient; but that all doubt and apprehension may be removed, he signed last year a bill which provides as follows:

> "SEC. 15. From and after the passage of this act it shall not be lawful to employ any part of the army of the United States as a *posse comitatus* or otherwise for the purpose of executing the laws, except in such cases and under such circumstances as such employment of said force may be expressly authorized by the Constitution or by act of Congress; and no money appropriated by this act shall be used to pay any of the expenses incurred in the employment of any troops in violation of this section, and any person willfully violating the provisions of this section shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof shall be punished by a fine not exceeding $10,000, or imprisonment not exceeding two years, or both such fine and imprisonment."

In the face of these peremptory prohibitions the Democratic effort to arouse the country with the cry that liberty of voting is threatened by the army, and that the state of things revealed in these statutes constitutes a "grievance" to be redressed by starving the government, is inexpressibly ridiculous.

But it is asked, if the law already forbids military interference at the polls, why should not the President sign a simple repeal of an apparent authority for such interference? He has not had the opportunity. No such simple repeal has been presented to him. The amendment which was presented prohibited the civil authorities of the United States, under heavy penalties, from keeping the peace at national elections, although other laws make it their duty to do so; that is to say, the President was asked to sign a bill for punishing civil officers for doing their duty. This he has, of course, declined to do; and his argument is unanswerable, his position impregnable. The President is well known to disapprove any other resort to the military power than such as is made necessary in the execution of civil duty to enforce the laws. Any bill which requires him to renounce the right of the United States to enforce its laws by the whole power of the country, we presume he will veto, and the country would unquestionably sustain him. It is this renunciation which these riders seek, and this no Republican Administration can make without renouncing the just constitutional rights of the people of the United States. The President, in conclusion, discusses with great force and clearness the principle which the Democratic policy, as shown by the words and acts of its leading representatives, seeks to smuggle into the Constitution. What he says upon this point is so well said that we quote his own words:

> "That principle is that the House of Representatives has the sole right to originate bills for raising revenue, and therefore has the right to withhold appropriations upon which the existence of the government may depend, unless the Senate and the President shall give their assent to any legislation which the House may see fit to attach to appropriation bills.
>
> "To establish this principle is to make a radical, dangerous, and unconstitutional change in the character of our institutions. The various departments of the government and the army and navy are established by the Constitution, or by laws passed in pursuance thereof. Their duties are clearly defined, and their support is carefully provided for by law. The money required for this purpose has been collected from the people, and is now in the Treasury ready to be paid out as soon as the appropriation bills are passed. Whether appropriations are made or not, the collection of the taxes will go on. The public money will accumulate in the Treasury.
>
> "It was not the intention of the framers of the Constitution that any single branch of the government should have the power to dictate conditions upon which this treasure should be applied to the purposes for which it was collected. Any such intention, if it had been entertained, would have been plainly expressed in the Constitution. That a majority of the Senate now concurs in the claim of the House adds to the gravity of the situation, but does not alter the question at issue.
>
> "The new doctrine, if maintained, will result in a consolidation of unchecked and despotic power in the House of Representatives. A bare majority of the House will become the government. The Executive will no longer be what the framers of the Constitution intended, an equal and independent branch of the government. It is clearly the constitutional duty of the President to exercise his discretion and judgment upon all bills presented to him without constraint or duress from any other branch of the government. To say that a majority of either or both Houses of Congress may insist on the approval of a bill, under the penalty of stopping all of the operations of the government for want of the necessary supplies, is to deny to the Executive that share of the legislative power which is plainly conferred by the second section of the seventh article of the Constitution.
>
> "It strikes from the Constitution the qualified negative of the President. It is said that this should be done because it is the peculiar function of the House of Representatives to represent the will of the people. But no single branch or department of the government has exclusive authority to speak for the American people. The most authentic and solemn expression of their will is contained in the Constitution of the United States. By that Constitution they have ordained and established a government, whose powers are distributed among co-ordinate branches, which, as far as possible consistently with a harmonious co-operation, are absolutely independent of each other. The people of the country are unwilling to see the supremacy of the Constitution replaced by the omnipotence of any department of the government.
>
> "The enactment of this bill into a law will establish a precedent which will tend to destroy the equal independence of the several branches of the government. Its principle places not merely the Senate and the Executive, but the Judiciary also, under the coercive dictation of the House. The House alone will be the judge of what constitutes a grievance, and also of the means and measure of redress. An act of Congress to protect elections is now the grievance complained of. But the House may on the same principle determine that any other act of Congress, a treaty made by the President with the advice and consent of the Senate, a nomination or appointment to office, or that a decision or opinion of the Supreme Court is a grievance, and that the measure of redress is to withhold the appropriations required for the support of the offending branch of the government."

The veto comes from a patriotic and truly conservative President, who is surrounded by a cabinet of concededly great ability. It shows that the alleged "grievance" does not exist; and that if it did, the remedy proposed would punish civil officers of the United States for doing their lawful duty. Meanwhile, whatever Congress may decide to do, there is no doubt of the opinion and action of the country, which does not mean to be thrown into disorder and confusion upon pretense of redressing a grievance which every body knows does not exist.

BULLDOZING.

IT is convenient for the Democrats who, under the lead of Messrs. BECK and THURMAN, made so huge a blunder in the opening of their "extra" campaign to say that the President has been bulldozed into a veto by the "stalwarts." This is a statement amusingly without foundation; and its implication that he has yielded something to a sense of disappointment in Southern action is equally baseless. There has been a great deal of objurgation of what is called the Executive "betrayal" and "abandonment" of colored citizens, but the veto indicates no change whatever of Executive conviction or purpose. The President's course in regard to the South has been perfectly consistent with the principles first declared by him upon accepting the nomination, and it certainly has not been, and we presume will not be, abandoned. With all sensible men, he has held, and we presume holds, that the patriotic duty of good citizens in the circumstances of this country is to promote a common friendly feeling in all the States, to repress sectionalism so far as practicable, and not to be afraid to show confidence, while executing every law faithfully, and maintaining within the Union the just national authority every where. His official conduct in Louisiana and in South Carolina was not "a policy;" it was simply obedience to his view of constitutional duty. Neither his view of that duty nor that of those who agreed with him has undergone any change whatever. General GRANT, who is especially cherished by the Republican opponents of this administration, approved it at the time, and probably approves it now. It was not a discretionary course adopted to placate any body, but it was not improbable that, as such action showed plainly that Republican administration was not inimical to the Southern States, a more kindly feeling might disclose itself in those States. It might, or it might not. Such a result might have been fairly anticipated, but it was not the purpose or the condition of the Executive action. That purpose was to discharge official duty constitutionally, and it would have been precisely the same, and should have been precisely the same, whether better feeling was or was not likely to ensue.

It is simply untrue, therefore, that there has been any failure of "policy," or any Executive "repentance," or that there is any Executive desire of "revenge," or feeling of chagrin. Under General GRANT'S administrations nearly every Southern State was recovered by the Democrats, but we are not aware that he nourished any chagrin, or sense of wounded pride, or humiliation, in consequence. All the "war legislation" that Senator DAVID DAVIS deprecates did not retain those States. The President holds opinions upon the subject of the proper authority of the Union within the States which he did not learn from "stalwarts," nor from "Confederates," and which are not in the least affected by the conduct of Northern or Southern Democratic leaders. He made no bargain in the South, and he has no favors to ask from the North. Consequently he has no grudge to gratify, nor any personal object to serve. If he would not propitiate the "stalwarts" when they ruled the Senate, why should he surrender to them now when they have lost their power? It was not any thing done by him which destroyed Republican ascendency in the Senate, while, on the other hand, the great Democratic majority in the House has been nearly annihilated under his administration.

If, therefore, the whole Republican party, including those who have been hostile to the Administration, sustains it now, it is not because there has been any change whatever of Executive opinion or conduct. The Republican Administration and the Republican party are united in opposition to the Democratic programme because it calls in question the fundamental Republican principle of just national authority every where within the Union. The Democratic drift under the Southern leadership, which was trained by Calhoun, is to consider the national government, in Jefferson's phrase, "a department of foreign affairs." The Republican doctrine is that it is also a national government. This debate has sprung from that difference of opinion. The President is a Republican, and he holds the Republican view, and he expresses it with great cogency and power. Those who think that there has been surrender are not familiar with the facts. There may have been bulldozing, but as the early traveller quietly said to the porter who was swearing and thundering at the wrong door, "My friend, I am afraid that's the wrong passenger—the right passenger has been up and dressed since daybreak."

BIENNIAL SESSIONS OF THE LEGISLATURE.

In support of his proposition for biennial sessions of the Legislature in New York, the Hon. Charles R. Skinner, of Jefferson, made a very interesting speech, in the course of which he cited the experience of other great States in the Union. His proposition is in the form of a constitutional amendment that the sessions shall be biennial, and that Senators shall be chosen for four years instead of two, and Members of Assembly for two years instead of one year. Mr. Skinner rests his case upon five points—economy, better legislation, less legislation, proved advantage, and popular desire. The direct and indirect saving is computed at millions of dollars. There can be no question of the great economical benefit of such a provision. That biennial sessions would lead to more careful legislation may be assumed from reason and from experience elsewhere. The haste of our present law-making is one of the notorious defects of our system. Mr. Skinner mentions a law passed last year in January, amended in February, again amended in March, and now ready for repeal; and he quotes the wit of a Tennesseean who defended the biennial system by the argument that it gave the laws a chance of trial before they were repealed.

Mr. Simon Sterne, in his discourse before the New York Municipal Society upon "Our Methods of Legislation, and their Defects"—which might be profitably pondered by honorable members—confirms Mr. Skinner's statements. Mr. Sterne says of the laws regarding New York and Brooklyn, which affect one-half the taxable property of the State and about a third of its population, that the Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals remarked in 1875 that those laws were so often and so much modified, superseded, and repealed that it is difficult to know what they actually are. Mr. Sterne enters elaborately into the defects of our present methods, and proposes remedies involving the greater care which biennial sessions would encourage. Mr. Skinner says that of the four hundred and seventy-five laws passed in 1877, or the four hundred and eighteen passed in 1878, scarcely twoscore are of vital interest to the State. In the first two months of the present session the Governor had signed eighty-four laws, but barely half a dozen are of general interest to the State. Each law may be of local importance, but it could easily wait a year, or have been presented last year; and Mr. Skinner states the significant fact, in illustration of our overlegislation, that the British Parliament, uniting the powers of our national and State legislatures, and controlling half a hundred colonies, does not pass as many laws annually as the State of New Jersey.

He cites further the fact that annual legislative sessions are now held in but ten of the thirty-eight States, and in three of these—Maine, Massachusetts, and Connecticut—the annual is about yielding to the biennial system. From twenty States which have adopted the biennial system Mr. Skinner quotes conclusive evidence of its popularity and excellence. The proposition has passed the Assembly virtually without opposition, and the Senate has it under consideration. We hope that the Senate will not delay the passage of the bill to submit the question to the people of the State. We have as yet seen but one argument against the proposition, and that is that the State of New York is so large that an annual session is probably a necessity. New York is certainly a large State, but so is Ohio, and the biennial system has been the law in Ohio for twenty-seven years, to the great saving of the public money, and to the great satisfaction of the people. Pennsylvania, also a great State, begins the biennial system this year, with the expected saving of one-half of the legislative expenses, and there is no reason to doubt that if Ohio has found no reason to regret the plan, its neighbor will be satisfied. There is nothing essentially different in the legislative necessities of New York from those of Ohio and Pennsylvania, and since biennial sessions are satisfactory to one and have been adopted by the other of those States, they can not be prejudicial to New York.

MR. ROBESON'S SPEECH.

In the Congressional debate which has just closed, Mr. Robeson's speech was, and will remain, well worthy of careful consideration. It was a very clear and conclusive constitutional argument, wholly free from partisan heat, or political clap-trap, or sectional appeal, while in tone it was a model of courteous parliamentary discussion. When his hour expired, his time was indefinitely extended, upon the motion of Mr. Carlisle, of Kentucky, his ablest constitutional opponent on the Democratic side, who, throughout the speech, paid it the closest attention, and showed by his questions how conscious he was of a dangerously logical and able opponent, who to every question returned a direct and ample and unanswerable reply. Mr. Robeson's speech was a vindication of the constitutional right of national supervision of national elections. This point had been very plausibly contested by Mr. Carlisle, and in the same excellent spirit. The two speeches were, in fact, the culmination and exhaustion of the constitutional debate, and will have an interest and value long after the immediate question at issue shall be decided.

Mr. Robeson began by stating that the difference between the Republican and the Democratic views arose from a difference of principle, of fundamental premise. He held the Constitution to be the organic law of a government acting directly upon the people, and not the bond of a confederacy of sovereign States. This he showed plainly from the terms of the instrument. He conceded that all the powers of the government must be found within the written Constitution; but for the purposes for which those powers are granted, the government is sovereign and supreme. It is limited in the number, not in the quality, of its powers. This position has been distinctly affirmed, also, by the Supreme Court, and the government has, without contest, exercised the supreme powers of sovereignty. This government, sovereign for certain purposes, has citizens of its own. The citizens of the United States are such in virtue of the Fourteenth Amendment of the Constitution, and they are citizens of the States because they are citizens of the United States. Now if the government can not enforce the exercise of a right which is an essential function of the government itself, it is no government. The laws made in pursuance of the Constitution are declared by it to be "the supreme law of the land." But supreme law has the power to execute itself, and members of Congress swear to sustain the Constitution and laws, not of any State, but of the United States. From these general but incontrovertible principles, closely watched and at times challenged by Messrs. Carlisle and Tucker, who saw the resistless coil of logic that was closing around them, Mr. Robeson proceeded to the particular question. His argument was that the Constitution in the clause "the electors of each State," etc., while conferring no right of suffrage, adopts to its suffrage a certain class of designated voters. The electors so adopted are citizens of the United States, independent of the States and above them. The election is a United States election for members of the national government to discharge national duties, and it is a right guaranteed to these electors that the election shall be fair. The Constitution which gives to these electors the right of electing Representatives also gives Congress authority to regulate the time, place, and manner of holding the election. This is the authority to make the laws in question. But it is said that the words "times, places, and manner" are not broad enough. Why not? There is a national Representative to be elected. The Constitution declares his qualifications and the qualifications of the electors, and the power by which the election, the qualifications, and the returns shall be decided. What remains?—"Time, place, and manner." But these, with those already mentioned, comprehend all the categories of an election, and the power to regulate is the broadest power given to a legislative body. Mr. Carlisle interrupted to say that it was not a power to regulate the elective franchise itself, but only the manner and time of holding the election. Mr. Robeson replied that he granted it, but the power is that of regulating the election, and it is exercised fully only when the man who has the franchise is protected in its full, free, and fair exercise—not the right to vote merely, but the right of voting, and that implies that it is not to be nullified by fraud, and that the vote shall be properly counted and registered.

Mr. Carlisle asked if the same reasoning would not authorize the application of the laws in question to the Legislature of a State when electing a United States Senator. Mr. Robeson's reply was direct and conclusive. In the election of Representatives, Congress may, if it chooses, take the whole subject into its own hands, but the Constitution adopts the organized Legislature of a State as the voters for Senator. The United States has no power to appoint members or officers of the Legislature; but if the Legislature, as a body of United States voters discharging a United States duty, is obstructed by riot, the United States has the right to send its marshals and officers to protect the Legislature in the discharge of that national duty. Mr. Robeson then answered the objection that there is no legal "peace of the United States" within a State by showing clearly that such an assertion destroys the national government by declaring a law to be unconstitutional because it may be resisted. On the contrary, every constitutional law of the United States is to be enforced by the President against every resistance and over every obstruction. Mr. Robeson ended his admirable speech with an earnest and fraternal patriotic appeal to the Southern leaders not to make the fatal mistake of forcing upon the country the question which war has settled, and with a concise statement of his proposition, which no Democratic champion of any weight thought fit to assail, and which can not be assailed successfully except upon grounds which would question the authority of the government to maintain its own existence.

PERSONAL.

Colonel George E. Waring, Jun., a favorite and very popular contributor to the publications of Harper & Brothers, and a writer whose miscellaneous and scientific books have secured a wide and deserved popularity, is the subject of a long and commendatory article in a recent number of the *Agricultural Gazette*, the leading farmers' newspaper in England. In 1857 Colonel Waring became the draining engineer of Central Park, and there did valuable service. In 1861 he entered the military service as a cavalryman, and the record of the regiment he commanded in the West is described in *Whip and Spur*, one of the most charming and interesting works produced by the war. He is the author, also, of valuable practical works on the *Sanitary Drainage of Houses and Farms*, *Village Improvements*, *The Sanitary Conditions of Cities*, *Earth Closets and Sewage*, and has received the prize of the Rhode Island Medical Society for his essay on *The Causation of Typhoid Fever*. His *The Bride of the Rhine* is a charming account of a journey down the Moselle in a row-boat; and for his report on the exhibit made at the Centennial by Holland of its great canals and drainage-works Colonel Waring was made one of the five honorary members of the Royal Institute of Engineers of the Netherlands. Add to all this high science business that Colonel W. is one of the most genial and companionable of men, and one of the most witty and entertaining of *raconteurs*, and you have a character very delightful to know.

—Dr. Lovick Pierce is one of the oldest preachers in the United States, having been ordained by Bishop Asbury in 1804. On the 24th of March last, being his ninety-fourth birthday, he baptized five of his great-grandchildren and one great-great-grandchild, at his home in Sparta, Georgia, where he resides with his son, Bishop Pierce, of the Methodist Church South.

—Lord Beaconsfield is as quick at repartee as ever. Not long since a lady, in talking with him, spoke of the Zulus as savages. "Savages, madam!" said the Prime Minister; "how can you call savages men who have defeated our general" (Chelmsford) "and converted our bishop?" (Colenso).

—General Grant is to be received with high ceremonial on his arrival in Japan, the government having appropriated $100,000 for the expenses of his entertainment.

—Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson writes that he is "not in a condition to make visits or to take any part in conversation. Old age has rushed upon me in the last year, and tied my tongue and hid my memory, and thus made it a duty to stay at home."

—Mr. Robert Buchanan, who died a few days since in Cincinnati, at the age of eighty-two, was the first man in the United States who had the enterprise and pluck to make a shipment of wheat from the West to England. This he did in 1817, by boat down the Ohio and Mississippi to a vessel at New Orleans, and thence to Liverpool. In 1837 he was engaged to purchase gold and silver for the United States Bank, and within two years bought $5,000,000 in specie and $1,000,000 in Southern bank-notes. At that time it was regarded as a very large transaction. To-day it would not exceed the ordinary transaction of a day's business on the New York Stock Exchange.

—The House of Commons now has among its members several journalists. Among them are Mr. Courtney, a leader-writer for the *Times*; Mr. O'Donnell, a leader-writer for the *Morning Post*; Dr. Cameron, editor and proprietor of the Glasgow *Mail*; Mr. Gray, editor and owner of the *Freeman's Journal*; and lastly, Mr. Justin M'Carthy, who writes leaders, magazine stories, novels, history, and all sorts of articles, and gets high pay for every thing he writes.

—A Frenchman residing at No. 16 Rue St. Guillaume, Paris, is the subject of much interest at present. The hôtel, a characteristic structure of the seventeenth century, once belonged to the celebrated Lalon; the occupant is M. Ernest Renan. The author dwells here, with his wife and children, in the domestic tranquillity promised by those years of earlier sympathy, in the seclusion of study, shared by his sister Mlle. Henriette. Madame Renan is a niece of Ary Scheffer. The friends of the author of the *Life of Jesus*, once a scholar of St. Sulpice and Monseigneur Dupanloup, claim that he is not only a master of the French language in its grace and purity, but still a divinist, retaining an earlier reverence for the Church and the saints. His opponents, on the contrary, find him a mischievous atheist, a dangerous leader, a priest who had already submitted to the tonsure.

—The death of the young Prince Waldemar of Prussia does not lack the sinister element belonging to the race, in the apparition of the White Lady of Hohenzollern. The night before the boy ceased to breathe, a soldier on duty in one of the corridors of the imperial palace beheld, or imagined that he saw, the terrible Countess Agnes approaching, as she has not failed to appear on similar occasions for 250 years, with her two dead children in her arms, slain that she might espouse her lover. The soldier quitted his post, and sought his comrades with the tale, which did not fail to produce the usual lugubrious impression of superstitious awe.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Congress: The Army Appropriation Bill passed the Senate on the 25th ult., just as it came from the House, by a vote of 41 to 30.—On the 26th, the House passed the Legislative Appropriation Bill, by a vote of 140 to 118, after rejecting an amendment to strike out the political sections.—On the 29th, the President sent to the House a message vetoing the Army Bill. Both Houses held very short sessions, and adjourned upon the announcement of the death of Representative Clark.—On the 30th, the House passed the bill to pay Captain Eads $500,000.—The House, on the 1st inst., took up the veto message. Under a call for the previous question, there was no debate, and the effort to pass the Army Bill over the veto failed. The vote was 120 to 110, or less than the required two-thirds in the affirmative.

Senator Sessions's fire-insurance bill was passed to a third reading in the New York Assembly on the 1st inst. It provides that "the amount of insurance *hereafter* written in a policy of insurance on all buildings insured shall be taken and deemed the true value of the property at the time of the loss, and the amount of the loss sustained, and shall be the measure of damages, unless the loss was caused by the criminal act of the insured."

FOREIGN NEWS.

Dispatches from St. Petersburg report that the police are openly arresting people by batches at all hours of the day, whereas apprehensions used to be made only at night. On the slightest suspicion against any person his whole family is arrested, and domiciliary visits are paid to all his acquaintances, which lead to further arrests on the most frivolous grounds. The *Golos* says it is intended to send 12,000 prisoners, with their families, from Novgorod to Siberia during the summer. The most remarkable precautions were taken during the Czar's recent journey to Livadia. Sentinels were placed the whole length of the line, traffic was stopped, and all access to the line prohibited for twenty-four hours before the departure of the royal train.

The city of Orenburg, on the Ural River, in Russia, was nearly all destroyed by a fire which began on the 30th ult., and lasted two or three days. The best quarters of the town are in ashes. Nine hundred and forty-nine dwellings were burned. Several persons were killed and many wounded. The fire is attributed to carelessness.

The Bulgarian Assembly of Notables, on the 29th ult., unanimously elected Prince Alexander of Battenberg to the throne of Bulgaria, with the title of Alexander I. In the evening the town was brilliantly illuminated.

The Marquis of Salisbury said at a banquet, on the 30th ult., that the British government was determined not to depart in any way from the Treaty of Berlin. They had already given up a great deal for the sake of peace, but could give up no more. So far as he knew, the great powers, without exception, were firmly resolved to execute the treaty. If the Eastern Roumelians accepted the autonomy which was guaranteed them, their position would be an enviable one. If they refused it, repression must follow, and their blood would be upon their own heads. But he did not believe they would choose the latter alternative.

The British House of Commons, on the 28th ult., by a vote of 303 to 230, rejected Mr. Ryland's resolution censuring the government for increasing the national expenditure.

A telegram from Constantinople reports that the Khedive's representative has informed the Porte that the Khedive has refused to assent to the appointment of foreigners as Ministers of Finance and Public Works, but would make other concessions to meet the wishes of France and England.

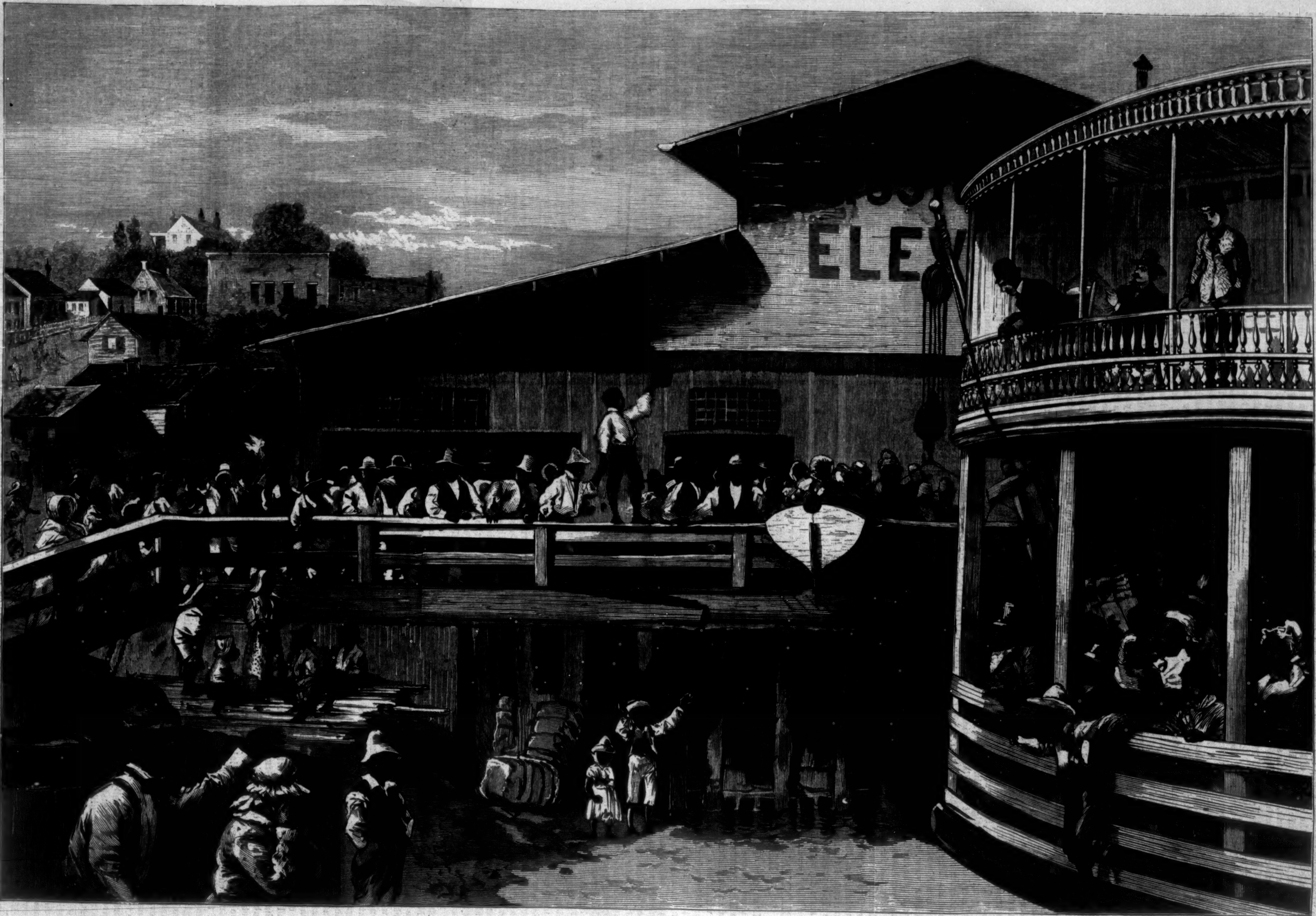
The South American war has been begun by the bombardment of the town of Pisagua, in Peru. The guano-loading appliances at Huanillos and Pabellon de Pica have been destroyed. Iquique is still blockaded, and all sailing vessels have left. Business in the interior is entirely disorganized.

Cape Town advices of the 8th ult. are to the effect that Colonel Pearson and the Ekowe garrison reached Tugela the day before. It was said that the Zulus had occupied Ekowe, but that King Cetywayo himself had retired beyond the Black Umvolosi River. The rumor that the Boers intended to detain Sir Bartle Frere, Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the colony of the Cape of Good Hope, was unfounded.

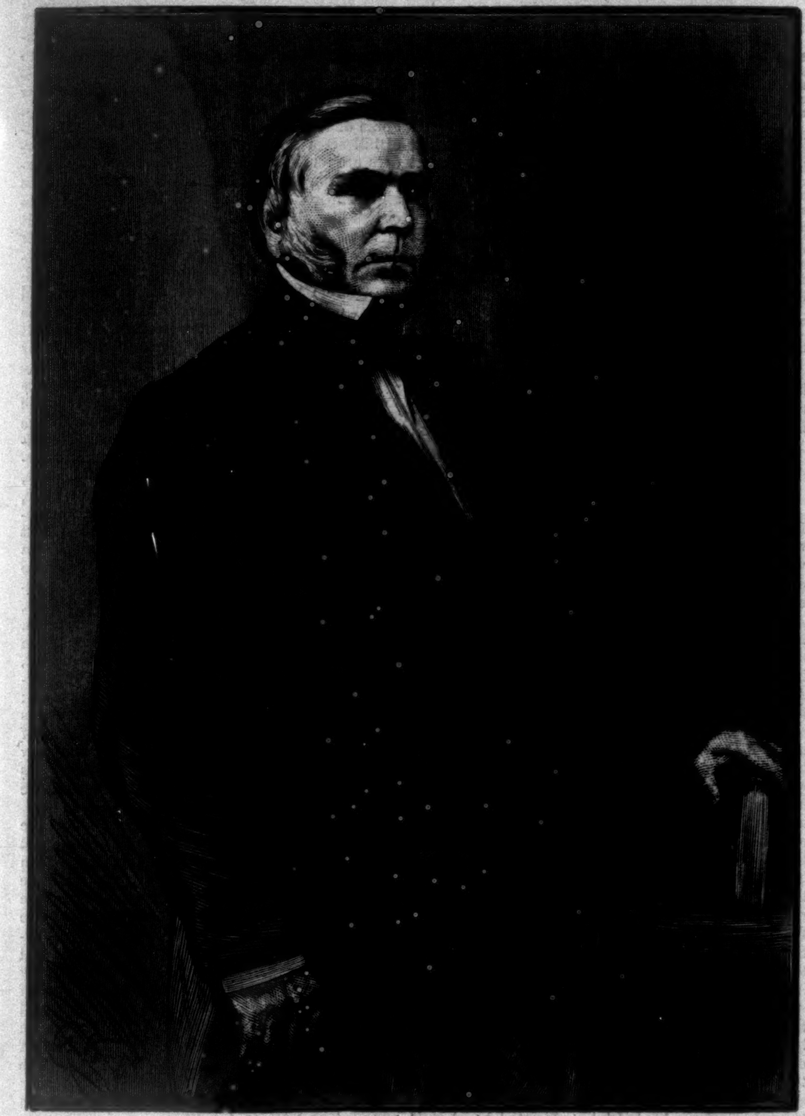
The chief object of the Chinese mission to St. Petersburg has failed, Russia having refused to surrender Kuldja, and negotiations have been broken off.

A large hill at Veas, in the province of Jaen, in Spain, has caved in, demolishing five houses. Thirty persons were killed and fourteen injured.

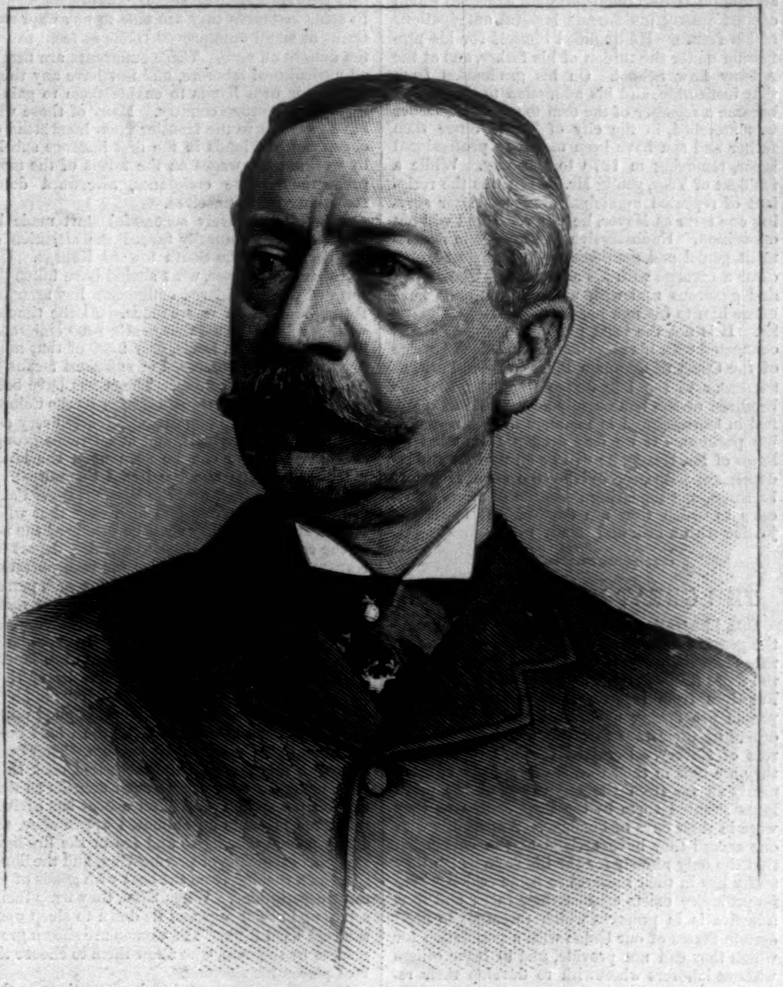
An official report to the Persian government of the earthquake in Miana, on the 22d of March, says that 21 villages were totally destroyed, and 922 persons, 2660 sheep, 1125 oxen, 124 horses, and 55 camels were killed.



THE NEGRO EXODUS—SCENES ON THE WHARVES AT VICKSBURG.—From a Sketch by James H. Moser.—[See Page 386.]



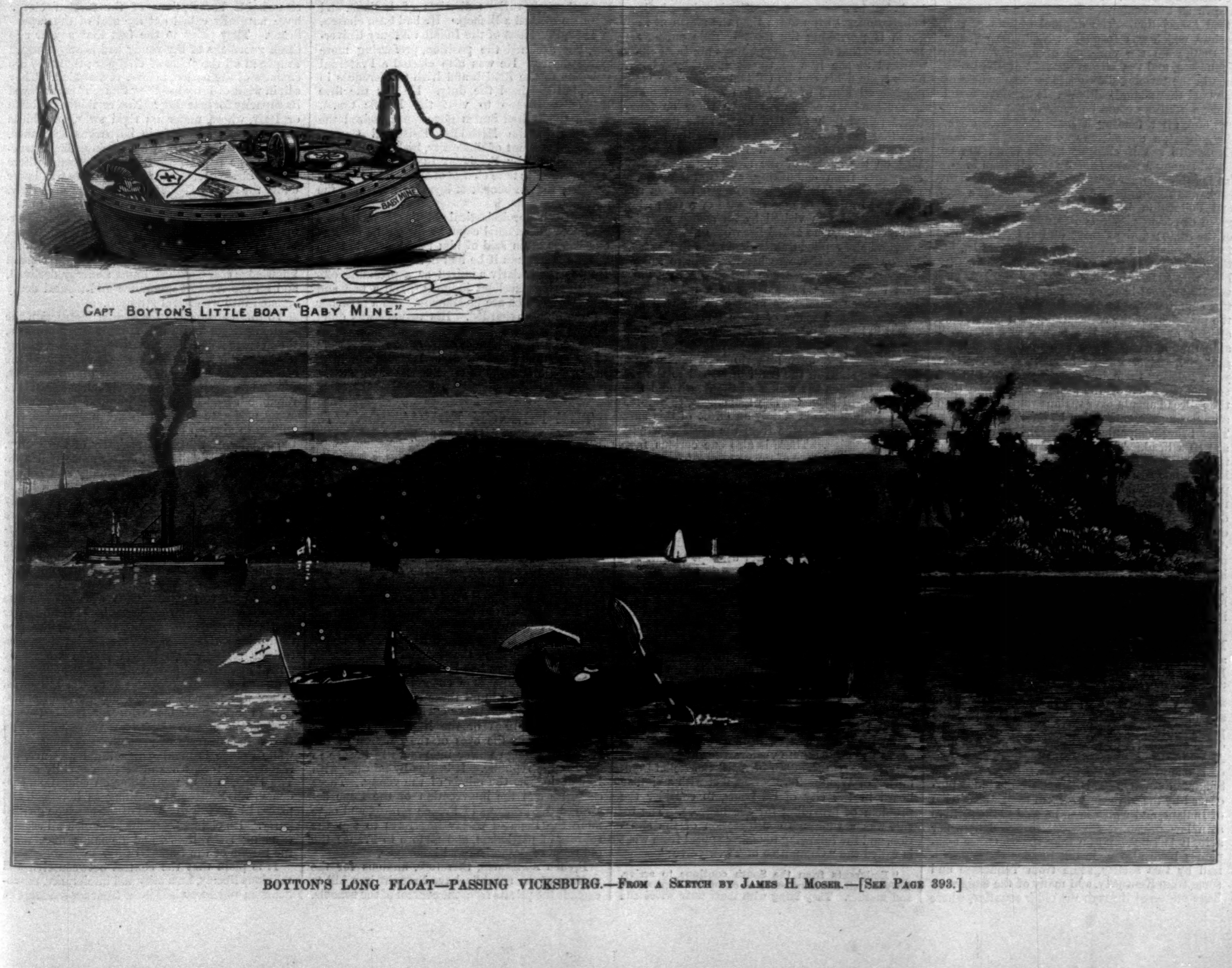
THE LATE BISHOP AMES.—[See Page 386.]



THE HON. MILES BEACH.

THE HON. MILES BEACH.

This gentleman, whose portrait is given on this page, was born in the year 1833, at Saratoga Springs. His father was a native of that locality, engaged at the birth of his son in the practice of the law. The subject of this sketch was a pupil at the then celebrated College Hill School, at Poughkeepsie. He afterward pursued his studies at the Ballston Institute, then a leading educational institution. In 1851 he entered the Sophomore Class of Union College, over which the renowned Dr. Eliphalet Nott presided. Mr. Beach graduated with honor in 1854, delivering


Capt Boyton's Little boat "Baby Mine."
Baby Mine

BOYTON'S LONG FLOAT—PASSING VICKSBURG.—From a Sketch by James H. Moser.—[See Page 393.]

an oration at the Commencement exercises which excited among his friends hopeful anticipations of his future. He qualified himself for his profession under the tuition of his father, and at the Albany Law School. On his graduation from that institution, and his admission to the bar, he became a member of the firm to which his father was attached, in the city of Troy. Since then father and son have been united in professional labor, removing in 1870 to this city. While a resident of Troy, young Mr. Beach was the recipient of repeated municipal honors. After serving one term as Mayor, he was re-elected without opposition. Unobtrusive and affable in deportment, genial and gentlemanly in manners, he became a favorite with his associates. The cordial and generous zeal with which his friends have borne him to his new honors best attests his merits. It is not the least pleasant of the incidents connected with his elevation to the office of Judge of the Court of Common Pleas in New York, as successor to the late Judge Robinson, that his brethren of the bar warmly accept him as qualified in learning and in manners for his responsible position. If we may predict from what we know of Mr. Beach, he will be an upright and independent judge, recognizing the equal rights of brethren, and rendering them the common courtesies to which they are entitled, and upholding justice with a firm and steady will.

THE GREAT NEGRO EXODUS.

Our illustration on page 384 has reference to the great movement now being made by the negro race from their accustomed homes in the South to the more tranquil region west of the Mississippi. Fugitives from injustice and oppression, these people are fleeing northward and westward, as others of their race formerly fled from the horrors of slavery. Deprived of their civil rights, they are now in their own section of our country nearly as far from the enjoyment of the privileges granted them by the Constitution as they were in their days of bondage. Apparently with one accord they have arrived at the conclusion that the only remedy for the ills from which they suffer lies in their removal to some region where no prejudice exists against their race; and thus a hegira is in progress which threatens to flood certain States of our Union with a population for which they can not provide, and to leave others without laborers wherewith to develop their resources.

The objective point of the negroes in almost every case is Kansas, few having turned their faces in any other direction. The reason probably is that this State has been more thoroughly advertised than any other, on account of the early struggles which established freedom in it when a Territory, and as having been the scene of the exploits of John Brown and other martyrs of freedom. Kansas is also the ground which finally became the field of operations of the society known as the Tennessee Real Estate and Homestead Association. The original objects of this society, which was formed in Nashville as early as 1869, were the purchase of small farms in Tennessee, and the encouragement of the freedmen in the farming districts to become owners of the land they should cultivate. It was soon found that no headway could be made in the undertaking, and, after holding a State Convention over the subject, a committee was appointed to visit Kansas, to see if cheaper homes could not be found among a more friendly people than in the land of their former bondage. The report brought back was favorable to the scheme, but on a second delegation being sent out, accounts were given of recent disasters affecting the prosperity of the State; and as most of the freedmen preferred remaining in the land of their birth, little progress was made in the scheme. Finally, however, a few families went to Kansas, and the letters sent back encouraged others to make the experiment. In 1873, Benjamin Singleton, the president of the association, went out to take a look at Kansas. His report was so favorable that a company of two or three hundred gathered, and Singleton brought them out that year, locating them in Cherokee County, in the southeast corner of the State. From that time the railroad agents over various routes have been stimulating the emigration by offers of low fares. They bring companies from Nashville to Topeka at $10 a head. The association has continued to keep up active operations. Emigrants desiring to come are by its agency thrown into companies, placed under competent leaders, and cheap rates of transportation are secured. Some half dozen different parties, numbering from one hundred to three hundred each, have come out under the auspices of this association. Most of the parties have come to Topeka, and from thence have gone to different parts of the State. Several hundred of them have gone to Barton County, in the Arkansas Valley, and some to other frontier counties.

With Mr. Singleton was associated Columbus M. Johnson—an intelligent colored man, and agent at Topeka of the association in question. In 1877 these two spent much time in obtaining information from government and other land officers, and in investigating the properties of the soil in different districts. Mr. Johnson remains permanently at Topeka, while Mr. Singleton conducts the affairs of the association at Nashville. Among other colonies which they have established is one in Morris and Lyon counties, called the Singleton Colony. This is upon some lands purchased by the government from the Kansas tribe of Indians, and which is to be sold to the settlers at a low price—at from one to five dollars per acre, it is said—and on long time. Other companies have also gone out besides those organized by this society, some from Tennessee and some from Kentucky, and many of the emigrants have scattered through the older counties, where they rent land, farm on shares, or work for wages. In some instances they are able to buy improved farms or small unimproved tracts at from five to ten dollars an acre. These emigrants are nearly all agricultural laborers, and few have any thing save their own hands to enable them to gain a living in a strange country. Many of those who have gone out to the frontier upon homestead or cheap railroad lands in the first instance subsist by working for wages on the farms of the more prosperous white emigrants, afterward doing something for themselves.

This comparatively successful start made by their brethren naturally turned the attention of the negroes of the South toward Kansas. Unfortunately, however, what should have taken the form of well-considered emigration has assumed the character of a vast exodus. At the time of writing it is estimated that nearly 9000 emigrants have arrived at St. Louis, only 2400 of that number having been possessed of sufficient means to pay their fare to Kansas. The others have been furnished with free transportation by the Colored Immigrant Relief Committee. Nearly every day there are fresh arrivals, and at all times groups of colored people can be seen upon the levee. About two weeks ago the Relief Committee entered into a contract with the Missouri River Packet Company, the terms of which were that when immigrants arrive they shall be proffered the use of the company's wharf boat until they depart for Kansas, and that the charges for transportation shall be $3 for each adult, $1 50 for each person between the ages of twelve and twenty-one years, and nothing for children less than twelve years old, from St. Louis to Wyandotte. In accordance with this agreement, the immigrants are landed on the company's wharf boat by the lower river packets on which they come. Their "plunder," as they call their household goods, is piled up by the roustabouts in the middle of the wharf boat. Wood and provisions are given them. They build fires with this wood on the levee and cook their food, using for the purpose such utensils as they can get possession of. After a boat has arrived the levee presents an animated appearance, the dusky people moving to and fro in the fire-light singing, or dancing, or prophesying, and the 'longshoremen rushing from the boat with goods of various descriptions. When tired, they wrap themselves up in their rags and lie down to sleep upon the cold hard deck. The women are shown great respect by the men, who allow them to choose the best places for sleeping.

Naturally an exodus of such proportions as this is a cause of great alarm both to the section receiving such a rapid and unexpected increase in its population, and to that which through the same cause finds itself deprived of a large part of its laboring class. On the one hand efforts are being made to persuade the negroes to return, and on the other the most severe measures are being taken to prevent their departure. At St. Louis the Anchor Line of steamers has offered free transportation to all who are willing to go back, but in most cases the offer is rejected with indignation. In the mean time the alarm at the South is provoking the most terrible outrages. It appears that already the planters are becoming alarmed at the loss of the laborers by whom alone their fields can be cultivated, and are employing all kinds of repression and restriction. The steamboat companies have three or four times raised their rates of fare, in the expectation that the negroes could not obtain the means of transportation. Armed bands have assembled on the shores of the river to prevent the emigrants from embarking, and not less than twenty cases of deliberate murder have been reported. In one instance the wife of a man who had departed was visited by an armed mob in the night-time, who asked her where her husband was, and she replied that he had gone to Kansas. They asked her if it was her intention to follow him, and upon her reply in the affirmative, they took her out and hanged her to a neighboring tree. These statements appear to be well authenticated, and many of them have been published in the newspapers of Missouri and Kansas. They seem to establish the fact that the worst revelations that have hitherto been made have fallen far short of the truth in regard to the relations between the whites of the South and the enfranchised slaves. The movement, therefore, toward the North is simply an effort of this suffering people to escape from the grossest wrong and oppression. There is also one curious fact about this movement of the negroes. The people are of all ages, sizes, sexes, colors, and degrees. It is confined to no particular class. All Southern negroes have evinced a desire to leave their homes, and all who could have done so. The others are deterred from leaving by their want of means and their fear of the white planters, who threaten to kill them if they attempt to quit the South.

In the mean time there is great suffering among the negroes, who, accustomed to pass their days in one spot, know nothing of the difficulties of travel or of making new homes for themselves in a strange country. The cities of Kansas see a pauper population about to be thrust upon them, and, although desirous of emigrants in reasonable numbers, know not how to dispose of this overwhelming tide. Appeals are going forth on all sides for assistance, while the cities that have suffered most from the inundation are casting about for means wherewith to give food and shelter to the unfortunate visitors they are forced to entertain. On the 25th of April the Relief Committee of Wyandotte, Kansas, met with a similar board in the city of St. Louis, to consider the problem of providing for the negroes. The result was a thorough consideration of the situation, and the following touching appeal from what is called the "Committee of Twenty-five:"

> "Emigrants from the South continue to arrive. They all tell the same story of extortion, oppression, and murder. They bring with them their wives and children, destitute and panic-stricken. They seek lands and homes where laws are administered with impartiality.
>
> "Our committee has sheltered, fed, clothed, and transported 5000 colored emigrants to Kansas, but on account of their destitution they became burdens upon the infant and struggling communities of the young commonwealth. They need clothing, food, transportation, lands, and implements of husbandry.
>
> "Kansas extends her liberal hand, and we throw ourselves upon the sympathies of the charitable and liberty-loving throughout the republic, believing that loyal men will not forget that those men who are now refugees from grinding extortion and a bloody terrorism were the companions in arms of soldiers, piloted the Union armies, and fed and clothed escaping Union prisoners in the great war for Union and liberty, and by centuries of unrequited toil planted and gathered the great Southern staples of our foreign and domestic commerce, built up great States, and by their labor poured untold millions into the Federal and individual purse of the nation.
>
> "It would be some return, some substantial token of appreciation for their long-suffering and forbearance, to help them now in the hour of their dire distress."

We trust that this appeal will meet with a hearty and immediate response, and that something practical may be done to relieve the sufferings of these poor and deserving people.

THE LATE BISHOP AMES.

The venerable Bishop Edward Raymond Ames, D.D., LL.D., of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who died in Baltimore on the 25th ult., was a man with a remarkable history. He belonged to an old Puritan family that left Massachusetts toward the close of the last century, and settled at Amesville, Ohio, where Edward was born in 1806. His grandfather, the Rev. Sylvanus Ames, a graduate of Harvard, died at Valley Forge while acting as chaplain of General Washington's army. At the age of twenty he left the farm and entered as a student in the Ohio State University, at Athens, where he spent two years, supporting himself chiefly by his own exertions. In 1828 he opened a High School at Lebanon, Illinois, which subsequently became M'Kendree College, in which institution he was a tutor. He remained there until 1830, when he became a Methodist preacher, first joining the Illinois Conference. Upon the organization of the Indiana Conference in 1832, he joined that body, remaining there until he became a Bishop, with the exception of two years spent in Illinois. He was often appointed Presiding Elder, and filled various other offices of trust in the Church. He was chosen a Delegate to the General Conference of the Methodists held in Baltimore in 1840, and was elected Corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Society for the South and West. When the rupture occurred between the Church North and South on the slavery question in 1844, he did what he could to heal the breach and promote good-fellowship, but the effort was unavailing, and he remained with the Church North. In 1848 he officiated as chaplain to a Council of Choctaws, being the first chaplain ever chosen by an Indian Assembly. He travelled as Presiding Elder from 1844 to 1852, through various districts of Indiana, and was then elected a Bishop. He had been chosen, in 1848, President of the Indiana Asbury University, but declined the position, preferring more active duties. He was also elected a Fraternal Delegate to the British and Irish Conferences in 1868, but declined the duty. He was the first Methodist Bishop to visit the Pacific Coast. When the United States government seized the property of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, on account of disloyalty, Bishop Ames was commissioned by President Lincoln and Secretary Stanton to take charge of all such confiscated property for the benefit of loyal Methodists in the South.

Besides his ecclesiastical abilities, Bishop Ames exhibited an unusual capacity for public affairs; and it was often said of him that he would have made a statesman if he had not been a preacher. He was particularly admired as a presiding officer, showing excellent judgment, and a tact and knowledge which are uncommon. As a preacher he was highly regarded. His manner was quiet but impressive, and his discourses were often marked by sharp humor, although he was a man of great gravity and dignity. He was a man of indomitable will and of rigid conscientiousness.

THE FRENCH EDUCATIONAL STRUGGLE.

The educational struggle that seems active in all civilized races has recently assumed a new phase in France. The French schools have heretofore been in great part under the control of the clerical leaders, and the greater number of the teachers are the members of some religious fraternity. The Jesuits, always active and intelligent, control many of the most important schools. Even the primary schools have fallen into the hands of the priesthood. The schools of the Sacred Heart and other Jesuit sisterhoods engross the education of the daughters of the wealthier classes. The process by which the Jesuits, according to M. Jules Simon, had already under Louis Napoleon filled the secondary colleges with their own teachers has been slowly extended to all the other branches of education. But France is a republic, and in all these clerical schools republicanism is secretly or openly denounced, and the Bourbon lilies or the Napoleonic tri-color flaunted before the eyes of the children of the state. A foreign power intervenes in France to destroy the republic. It begins by tainting with Italian dogmas the minds of the young. Three centuries ago the intervention of the Pope destroyed the progress of French reform, and once more the Pope of to-day interferes to sap the sources of patriotism, and restore to France the old reign of despotism and ignorance.

French statesmen, therefore, anxious for the welfare of the republic, have brought in a bill to exclude the priests from the control of the schools. They are resolved to make education republican, and to found upon public instruction the welfare of the state. M. Waddington or M. Ferry, Gambetta and Grévy, are united in their purpose to educate all the people; to educate them in republican principles, and drive the foreign clergy from the position they have usurped in the schools. Some of the provisions of the French educational bill seem harsh: the unlicensed religious orders are forbidden to teach. The Jesuits are excluded from the protection of the law, their schools and colleges broken up, and their affiliated societies placed under a stern supervision. Yet it is remembered in France that a year has not passed since these foreign societies were pressing upon M'Mahon a *coup d'état*, since every ultramontane paper clamored for civil war, and Jesuit colleges were eager to enforce upon the people their own favorite doctrine of implicit obedience. Had their advice been followed, Paris would once more have run red with blood, and the nobility, the army, the clergy, flung themselves into a deadly, hopeless contest with the republic and the people. The peril was put aside by the calm sagacity of the republican leaders. Knowledge triumphed in the contest with implicit obedience and brutal force. The republican leaders, a year ago threatened with imprisonment, exile, death, the scoff of the Jesuitical and ultramontane press, stand to-day at the head of a vast majority of the French nation, the founders of a true republic. Their discretion seems equal to their firmness. They have discovered that knowledge is the only sure support of free institutions, the public school the best friend of freedom. They are resolved to have their revenge upon the foreign clergy; but it is not imprisonment, exile, death, the fate that awaited their own defeat. They have shown a Christian moderation; they have proved to angry priests and prelates that they can forgive. The real Christians of to-day in France are the republicans; the only penalty they impose upon the foreign clergy is to drive them from the schools. They will have teachers less cruel, more truly Christian.

It may well be supposed that the ultramontane clergy will not remain silent even under so light a penalty. Gratitude they have none; patriotism they have long laid aside for an abject obedience to the Vatican. The grossest superstitions rule in the Jesuit colleges, the fiercest impulses; the fiery zeal of Loyola, his barbarous instincts, govern his disciples. The rage of the priesthood and the secret hatred of the Vatican are roused anew against a republic that is resolute in defense of knowledge. The papal prelates have protested against the passage of M. Ferry's bill. It is an extraordinary assault, they think, upon one of the acknowledged rights of the "Church." The Church, they assert, has alone the right to teach; all secular education is godless, and worse than none. The Vatican, the Pope, should govern every school, from Calabria to Japan; the sisterhoods, the fraternities, of France can alone provide an education worthy of Frenchmen. The remarkable assumptions of the foreign clergy have naturally called out the zeal of the republicans. They point to the fact that a year ago these guardians of the young had nearly plunged France in all the pains of civil war; that they are enemies of the nation, almost of mankind. They ask in what country has the "Church" ever proved its capacity for teaching? Not, certainly, in Rome or Italy, where, under its rigid sway, two-thirds of the people were left in barbarous ignorance, where education has only begun since the destruction of the papal power. Nor in Spain, where the educational condition of the people was lower under the Roman Catholic rule than even in Italy. They point to South America, to Canada, to the Catholic cantons of Switzerland, and states of Germany. They deny that the Roman priesthood were ever capable or worthy of educating nations. Wherever they have held the supreme control knowledge has perished, human energy declined, and all the vices of ignorance and mental decay ripened into wonderful strength.

To these arguments for secular instruction the French priests and prelates reply by complaints, threats, and a denunciation of the republic. They proclaim war upon freedom. They demand the control of the schools or a change of government, revolution, disorder. Their clamor against the republic seems to shake its firm foundations. Many moderate Frenchmen are intimidated, and willing to give up the schools rather than excite the enmity of the great majority of the clergy, to abandon the children to their monarchical instructors, and allow every university and college to be made a seminary of sedition. Such is the sacrifice of the young that can alone satisfy the priesthood. The Carthaginian mothers were forced to fling their infants into the blazing furnaces of Moloch without a tear, and papal Rome exacts from French republicans a tribute more terrible: it claims the intellects of their children. But happily the majority of the French are republican in reality, and treat with disdain the clamor of the Roman priesthood. It is no longer possible for Pope or prelate to destroy the free institutions of France, enslave its intellect, control its schools. Its liberal people are nearly united in their scorn of the intrigues of the Vatican, and it seems probable that the bill of M. Ferry will pass by a large majority, and education in France be made forever free. This at least is the aim of Gambetta, Waddington, and the various leaders of republican thought. But while France is making this rapid advance, the reactionary forces are more than usually active. The Pope, in his recent letter on education, condemns all Protestant teaching as heretical, and places himself at the head of the extreme clerical party. He claims the right to banish all secular teaching from Rome, and demands once more the throne of the Imperial City.

It is plain that the contest between civil and religious liberty, humanity and intolerance, republicanism and despotism, is far from approaching its close, and that the struggle over the public schools in France represents a wide conflict that is going on in every land. The ultramontanes are less noisy than they were under the former Pope, but no less active, and more dangerous. They have definite aims, are bound together in a strong organization, and will be heard of in all future elections. It is said that they have strong hopes of winning the control of Austria; that they menace the peace of Italy; that they are laboring to overthrow the German Empire by the aid of the extreme Socialists; that they hope even to throw France into disorder. But it is in the educational affairs of the New World that the Vatican faction will have the most important field of action in the future. The long line of free or nominally free states, reaching from Canada to Patagonia, lies open to the constant agitations of the priesthood. Nowhere do they suffer any part of it to remain long at rest. In New Mexico ultramontane politicians have recently covered that secluded Territory with the bitterness of a sectarian contest. Bishop Gilmour, in Ohio, charges all the faithful to avoid the heretical schools. In New York and Boston the ultramontanes are laboring silently. It is not possible to point out a single town in the various free States that has not witnessed some active assault upon the common schools. At Cincinnati, the newspaper founded and carried on by the archbishop and his coterie has been the standard-bearer in the assault upon knowledge, the teacher of sedition and disorder. In Canada and Brazil the same unwise policy has marked the advance of the Roman priesthood. They have chosen to be politicians; they must expect to be treated as political agitators. The decrees of the Vatican have disturbed the repose of every American community; there will necessarily arise a union of all Americans against the Vatican.

But no doubt the strongest defense of the secular system of education is the practical one. Its schools are always, or should always be, so much better than the clerical as to deserve the support of the people; the common-school system should be made so complete, so effective, and refined as to cultivate the moral and mental powers with unequalled force. France and America must unite in raising the standard of their schools if they would meet with the most unassailable arguments the claims of the ultramontanes, and hence in the future the study of the finer principles of education must form the leading subject of thought with our wisest politicians. Governments are transforming themselves into schoolmasters; even England has become within ten years the firmest advocate of compulsory instruction. France has followed in its path, impeded by its Bourbons and Bonapartes; but it seems the duty of America to devise a scheme of education so complete and so vigorous as to cover the distant settlement and the crowded city with an equality of knowledge, and forever insure the safety of freedom by winning over its enemies with the gentle hand of public instruction.[1]

Eugene Lawrence.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

MAY.

Sunday, 18.—Fifth Sunday after Easter.
Thursday, 22.—Ascension-day.
Sunday, 25.—Sunday after Ascension.

All France is deeply stirred by the prospect of a revolution in the system of public education, which must follow the adoption of the bill of M. Ferry, now before the legislature. The Chambers have adjourned, the Lower House until the 15th of May, and for the present the excitement has subsided. Episcopal protests have fallen on the head of the Minister of Education in a continuous shower; even moderate republicans condemn the reactionary features of the new measure. The radicals contend that the Roman Catholic Church is hostile to the republic, and should therefore be deprived, as far as practicable, of all control of education. The moderates answer that the Church party has been fairly defeated, and has no immediate prospect of returning to power. The principal changes contemplated are: (1) The restoration to the state of the exclusive right of conferring university degrees. This reverses the legislation of 1875, out of which sprang the five free Catholic universities. It must be borne in mind that in France a university degree opens the way to public office. (2) The exclusion of all clergymen—Protestant and Catholic—from the directing councils of the state universities, including the Chief Council of Public Instruction. (3) The exclusion from all teaching, public or private, of the religious orders not recognized by the state. This provision will especially affect the Jesuits, whose colleges are somehow popular in France. The bill of M. Ferry may be modified, but in most of its features will undoubtedly be accepted by the Assembly.

American Presbyterians have for some years been importing from England distinguished ministers of their faith, and now English Presbyterians are returning the compliment. At a recent meeting of the Presbytery of London the Rev. Dr. Patton, of Chicago, was chosen to fill the vacant chair of theology in their London college. The emoluments of the position are £2500 yearly. The nomination was made by Dr. Donald Fraser.

Dr. J. H. Vincent will hold a Sunday-school Congress next month in the Yosemite Valley, California. The place chosen has all the charms of scenery, at least; but it is the practice of the managers of Sunday-school conventions to select beautiful spots for the assembling of their fellow-laborers. The Round Lake Sunday-school Convention will begin this year July 8, and continue ten days. It will be directed by the Rev. J. S. Ostrander, who will be assisted in the primary department by Miss Merrill, of New York. The course of study will consist of forty-two lessons in all, divided into three departments. The Clear Lake Sunday-school Assembly will be held at Clear Lake, Iowa, from July 15 to July 28. The Chautauqua Normal Course will be followed in three classes—Preparatory, Junior, and Senior.

It has been determined to celebrate, next autumn, the completion of twenty-five years of episcopal service given by Bishop Potter to the Protestant Episcopal diocese of New York. Bishop Potter was consecrated November 22, 1854. A committee of the clergy and laity of the diocese has been appointed to make the necessary arrangements.

The Mexican Commission of the Protestant Episcopal Church, which is composed of seven bishops, met in New York April 15, and adjourned April 18. The members had before them the constitution, canons, and liturgy of the Church of Jesus, of Mexico, and also two of the bishops elect, the Rev. H. C. Riley, D.D., and the Rev. Thomas Valdespino. The Commission suggested some changes in the liturgy, and approved the testimonials of the Rev. Dr. Riley. The liturgical forms are not exact copies of those of the Anglican body, but agree therewith in principle. This young Protestant Church in Mexico has fifty congregations, orphanages, and schools, in which more than five hundred children are trained, a weekly paper, and three thousand members. The documents submitted have been referred to the absent members of the Commission for examination. It is expected that in due time episcopal consecration will be given to Dr. Riley.

According to the London *Tablet*, the new cardinals will be created on the 21st of May. The Archbishop of Toulouse, the Bishop of Poitiers, Dr. Newman, Dr. Hergenröther, and the Pope's brother, Father Giuseppe Pecci, have certainly been determined on. Father Pecci has for the year past been the Pope's household manager.

The English papers are calling attention to the fact that the expense of the American revision of the Bible is borne by private means. One of them says: "Bible revision would appear to have princely patrons in the United States. During the six years in which the revisers have been at work the expenses have been heavy. They spend three half days in each month in the Bible House at New York, and the outlay for travelling and entertainment has to be defrayed. Yet no appeal has been made to the general public. All the expenses have thus far been defrayed quietly by a few munificent and modest friends." These munificent supporters are mostly gentlemen of New York.

Pope Leo XIII. has again given expression to his dislike of the Protestant schools in the city of Rome. In a letter to the Cardinal Vicar, dated March 25, he discusses the best means of counteracting their influence. He says, with much feeling: "These schools are increased in number year by year by the work of strangers and by the aid of foreign gold, and that in a city where no teaching was set forth, or, in other words, permitted, but that pure doctrine willed by the Church. That these things exist affords proof how little the dignity and liberty of the Roman pontiff are provided for since the dominion of his states was taken from him." Leo has, therefore, appointed a commission of prelates and members of the Roman nobility, who are to assume the direction of Catholic primary schools in the city of Rome, and give unity to Catholic education there. The Pope contributes for this purpose 100,000 francs from his own revenues.

Father Hyacinthe has told his Paris congregation that he will administer the communion in both kinds. He admits to the sacrament both those who have confessed according to the Catholic rite and those who present themselves on their own responsibility.

The Rev. Dr. R. S. Rust, the secretary of the Methodist Episcopal Freedmen's Aid Society, reports that he has held frequent personal interviews with the freedmen who have reached Kansas from the South, and has found them determined to take no backward steps. They said to him "that death in almost any form would be preferable to their return." About seven or eight thousand have left; several thousand more are on the banks of the Mississippi waiting for transportation. Very foolishly, the white people at some points on the river are trying to detain the blacks by threats and the show of force. The meetings for relief are becoming more numerous every week, but the relief measures are as yet very imperfectly organized.

The movement toward Christianity in the Tinnevelly district, India, increases in its proportions. There are said to be over 33,000 new inquirers for baptism in South India, under the instruction of the Church of England missionaries. Reference has been made before in this column to the chief cause of this awakening of interest in the native mind—the outflow of Christian charity during the India famine.

Among the persons who have recently united with the Methodist Episcopal Mission in Italy is a reputed son of the late Cardinal Antonelli, and brother of the Countess Lambertini, whose suit against Antonelli's executors is well known. The Methodist Episcopal Italian Conference was lately held at Terni, near Rome. Seven hundred communicants were reported.

The School Board elections in the cities of Scotland, which have recently taken place, show a decided ascendency of the advocates of religious education over the Secularists. In Edinburgh the Secularists failed to elect a single member of the board. In the two cities of Edinburgh and Glasgow the majority of the boards are members of evangelical Churches.

The *Echo*, of England, tells a strange story. It is "that the great banking house of the Rothschilds has lent Turkey the sum of two thousand million francs, and has received in turn a deed of mortgage on the entire land of Palestine." As the Sultan is frightfully impecunious, the Rothschilds may be expected in time to foreclose and take the property. Periodically this story of the acquisition of Palestine by the great Jewish banking house revives. There must be in the hearts of Israelites a strong wish, which is father to the thought. Meanwhile Christian colonies are taking root in the Holy Land, and may become a noticeable feature of its population.

The Marpingen miracle case is not yet ended. The parties who were accused before the court of Saarbrück of fraud, in alleging an apparition of the Virgin Mary, have been acquitted of criminal intent, though the deceit was exposed. The public prosecutor has appealed from this decision, and the case will go to a higher court. The story is that the Virgin appeared to three little children near Marpingen. Invested thereby with a peculiar sacredness, they made the sign of a cross over a fountain near which the appearance occurred, and blessed images for devout Catholics. Marpingen water became at once a rival to that of Lourdes, and the demand for images brought a handsome revenue to the local priest. It ought to be said that this imposture has been offensive to many Catholics. The miracle-mongers will hardly flourish under Leo XIII. as they did under Pius IX.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

During the present year three fires have occurred in Fulton Market, the last only a short time ago; and that portion of the dingy old structure which was then consumed is now being patched up by the city. Doubtless some day—or night—the whole market will burn up, or tumble down; and then, although numerous dealers would suffer severely, there would be no public mourning for the unwholesome, shabby, rickety old building. New York is altogether behind the times; one of its greatest necessities is a respectable, convenient new market, where our citizens may go with pleasure, not with shrinking, for the purchase of supplies for their tables.

Some interesting statistics respecting Fulton Market are given in the New York *Times*. It was built in 1821, and has 256 stands and 21 cellars. For these the city will receive next year a rental of about $48,000. Meat, fish, vegetables, game, poultry, butter, eggs, fruit, oysters, groceries, books, boots and shoes, and innumerable other things may be found in Fulton Market. There are also liquor saloons, coffee and oyster stands, and eating-houses therein. It is really one of the most important markets in the city, in spite of its unsightly appearance, and its annual business is estimated at about $6,000,000. The market is swept, it is said, twice a day, and dealers do the best they can to make such portions as they rent inviting to the public; but all efforts are comparatively unavailing, for the radical difficulty lies in the decaying old structure itself, within which purchasers linger as brief a time as possible.

Danger of collision on the elevated railroads can not be too strictly guarded against. The bare escape from a frightful disaster is not a pleasant consideration for passengers in colliding trains, nor for those who ride therein afterward. The recent accident—can it be called an *accident?*—upon the Metropolitan road seems to have been due to inattention to duty; but the public will not leniently regard the neglect of any possible safeguards against danger. It will be better contented to "make haste slowly" until the subject of rapid transit is thoroughly understood.

At a recent exhibition of a school for colored children, held in the court-house of Edenton, North Carolina, the stage gave way, and the building took fire from the overturned lamps. A frightful panic followed; the house was densely packed, and there was a rush for the doors. Many children were crushed, had limbs broken, or were severely burned—some so badly that they can not survive. By the efforts of a few brave, self-possessed persons the building was saved, and hundreds rescued from a terrible death.

"William Tell's Chapel," said to have been erected in 1388, and situated on the shore of Lake Lucerne, has been demolished, and another structure is to be built on its site. Whether all the traditions concerning the chapel and William Tell are true or not, it was a very old and interesting building, the loss of which tourists, at least, will regret.

A call is made for a "Philanthropic Convention," to be held at Science Hall, 141 Eighth Street, in this city, on May 21 and 22. The general purpose of the Convention is the organization of a "Mutual Employment Society," whose business shall be to carry into execution some plan by which worthy working-people may be furnished with constant employment. The details of a plan for accomplishing this result will be considered at the Convention, and improved, modified, and perfected if possible, then adopted, with the purpose of executing it unitedly.

Large numbers of the police in Moscow have been transported to Siberia for supposed complicity in conspiracies. In many of the chief cities the police force is being continually changed, to prevent any tampering with these officials, who in Russia are peculiarly open to the temptation of a bribe.

A bright little fellow of four, who attends infant class in Sunday-school, received one Sunday morning a card on which were the words, "Pray without ceasing." After his mother had explained the text, he said, "I guess I won't show this to the minister; he prays long enough now."

The following incident is related of the late Judge Barnard, who, though sometimes irritable on the bench, regretted more than any one else his hasty words and deeds at such times. A young lawyer, since then elected to Congress, when a young man, just arrived in the city, once laid some papers before the judge. He glanced at them, and tossed them back to the young lawyer.

"Your honor, what is the matter with these papers?" asked the lawyer.

"They're not properly drawn up," said the judge.

"What is wrong about them?" the young lawyer inquired.

"If you don't know, I can't tell," the judge responded. "If I had a tyro in my office who couldn't draw up better papers than those, I'd kick him out to the sidewalk."

The words were heard by a crowded court-room. Much mortified, the lawyer took his leave. A week afterward he was sitting in the same court-room, and the judge said, "Mr. ——, will you step to the bench for a moment, if you please?" The gentleman did so, and the spectators wondered what was coming. "Last Monday," the judge began, "you laid some papers before me, which I erroneously pronounced incorrect, and I acted like a scoundrel. I am ashamed of it, and as I grossly insulted you in open court, I want to tender you an apology in open court. I beg your pardon."

The Emperor of Austria's silver wedding was the occasion of a series of festivities in Vienna, not the least among which was the grand procession of the guilds. Hans Makart, the great Viennese artist, had the general supervision of the procession, and was busy for months previously in designing costumes and groups. The procession consisted of something like 30,000 persons, divided into thirty groups, the centre of each group being an allegorical car representing some one of the various guilds of the empire.

The steam-ship *City of Richmond*, from Liverpool, recently landed at Castle Garden 758 immigrants. This is the largest number arriving by any one steamer since 1867, excepting on the steam-ship *Wieland*, from Hamburg, on June 5, last year, when 899 arrived. It is expected that there will be a large increase in the immigration to the United States this year.

Every body seems to want some of the ten-dollar certificates; the long line of intending purchasers at the New York Post-office indicates their popularity, and shows that, on the whole, people prefer to trust the government rather than private parties or savings-banks.

It is expected that a catalogue of printed books in the British Museum Library will be published, if orders are received for one thousand copies from the libraries of the world. It would include English printed books from 1450 to 1878, representing about 1,250,000 volumes, and comprising between two and three millions of entries, that is, main titles and cross references. The whole work would require about forty-five volumes, and may be printed at a cost as low as four dollars a volume, foolscap folio, of 1000 pages. Such a catalogue would be invaluable.

Kossuth sent 350 francs for the relief of the people of Szegedin, accompanying the gift with a letter written with characteristic eloquence and encouraging sympathy.

"The Business Men's Society for the Encouragement of Moderation"—the latest temperance movement—furnishes three separate forms of pledges: a total abstinence pledge, for a term not to exceed one year, renewable at expiration, if desired; a moderation pledge, not to drink intoxicating beverages during business hours for a specified term; and a pledge not to partake of intoxicating liquors at the expense of any other person whomsoever, nor to invite another to partake, during a specified term.

Umkwe Cantaba is the sonorous name of a Zulu prince, a cousin of King Cetywayo. By the labors of a Swedish missionary he has been led to embrace Christianity, and recently visited Sweden with this missionary. On his arrival at Helsingborg, a town of about three thousand inhabitants, one of his first remarks was: "I never knew before that there were so many white men in the world. From their war with my cousin, I thought that they were rather a small tribe."

It is folly to attempt to make an intelligent community like that in New York city believe that "the recent rains hindered the cleaning of the streets," when every body knows that except for the blessed washing our streets occasionally receive from a good long rainstorm or a smart shower, ours would be, of all cities, the most miserable.

Most singular is the form which, according to reports, Garibaldi's illness has assumed. The attack comes on every forty days, and lasts for eight. Pain thrills through every muscle and joint, especially at night, when, as he is falling asleep, a series of shocks passes through his whole frame. Even the weight of a sheet is too heavy to be borne, and the coverings have to be suspended on hooks. When once the attack is over, the general is himself again.

Innocence is not unfrequently proved when too late to benefit the wrongly accused. Foreign papers mention the death of a man a short time ago at Cayenne, who was transported for life from France twenty-eight years ago for setting fire to farm-houses at Longepierre. He left a wife and five children behind him. The late news of his death led to a confession by his accuser, who admitted that he himself had committed the crime for which another had been punished. He was arrested and committed to prison, where he contrived to take his own life.

An exchange states that the poet Longfellow has received a gift of a pen made from the iron fetters of Bonivard, the prisoner of Chillon. The socket is made of gold, set with three rare gems, and the handle is a piece of oak from the old frigate *Constitution*.

Russian life can scarcely be pleasant nowadays. A few weeks ago, as a young nobleman was entertaining a few friends at his home, the door suddenly opened, a handsome young lady came in, politely saluted the visitors, and then, drawing a pistol from her pocket, shot the host through the head. The fair assassin made no attempt to escape, and was, of course, arrested. It is said that the victim had two days previously received a threatening letter from the Executive Committee of the Revolutionary Society, which he had given to the police.

Pea-nuts are an important article of commerce in our country. During the past five years the Virginia crop has varied from 225,000 bushels annually to 780,000 bushels. The largest crop in Tennessee during the same time was 305,000 bushels, and in North Carolina 125,000. The season of 1876–77 was the most favorable, the amount raised in the whole country being 1,405,000 bushels. Virginia pea-nuts are the largest, and have the finest flavor.

Saturday seems to be the fatal day in the royal family of England. William III. died Saturday, March 18, 1702; Queen Anne died Saturday, August 1, 1714; George I. died Saturday, June 10, 1727; George II. died Saturday, October 25, 1760; George III. died Saturday, January 29, 1820; George IV. died Saturday, June 26, 1830; the Duchess of Kent died Saturday, March 15, 1861; the Prince Consort died Saturday, December 14, 1861; the Princess Alice died Saturday, December 14, 1878; and the Princess of Hesse recently died on the same day of the week as the Princess Alice.

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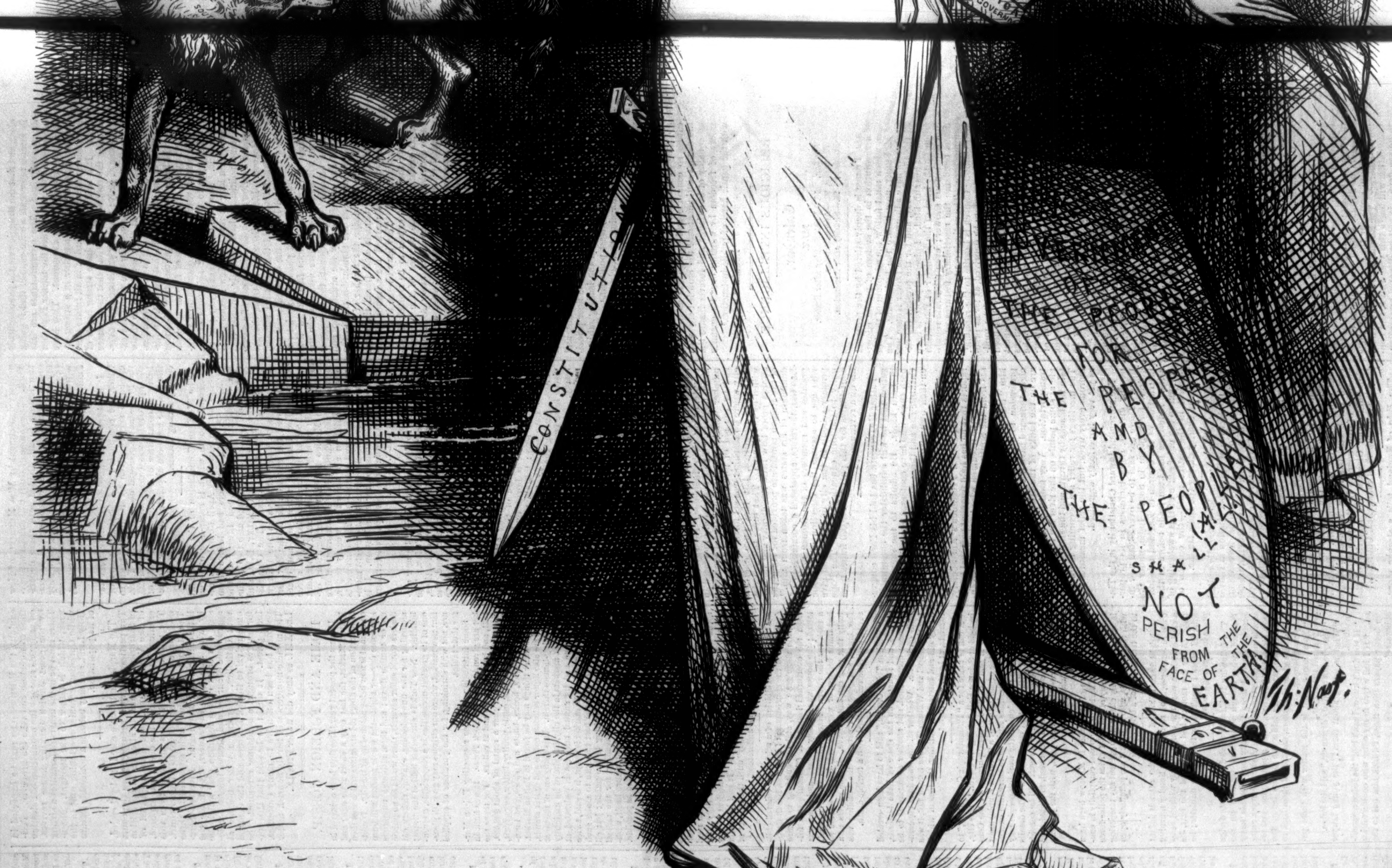
[1] Says the *Voce della Verità*: "Why need this republic exist any longer? Let us look to the young gentleman at the Cape."


CONSTITUTION
THE PEOPLE
FOR
THE PEOPLE
AND
BY
THE PEOPLE
(ALL)
SHALL
NOT
PERISH
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THE
FACE OF
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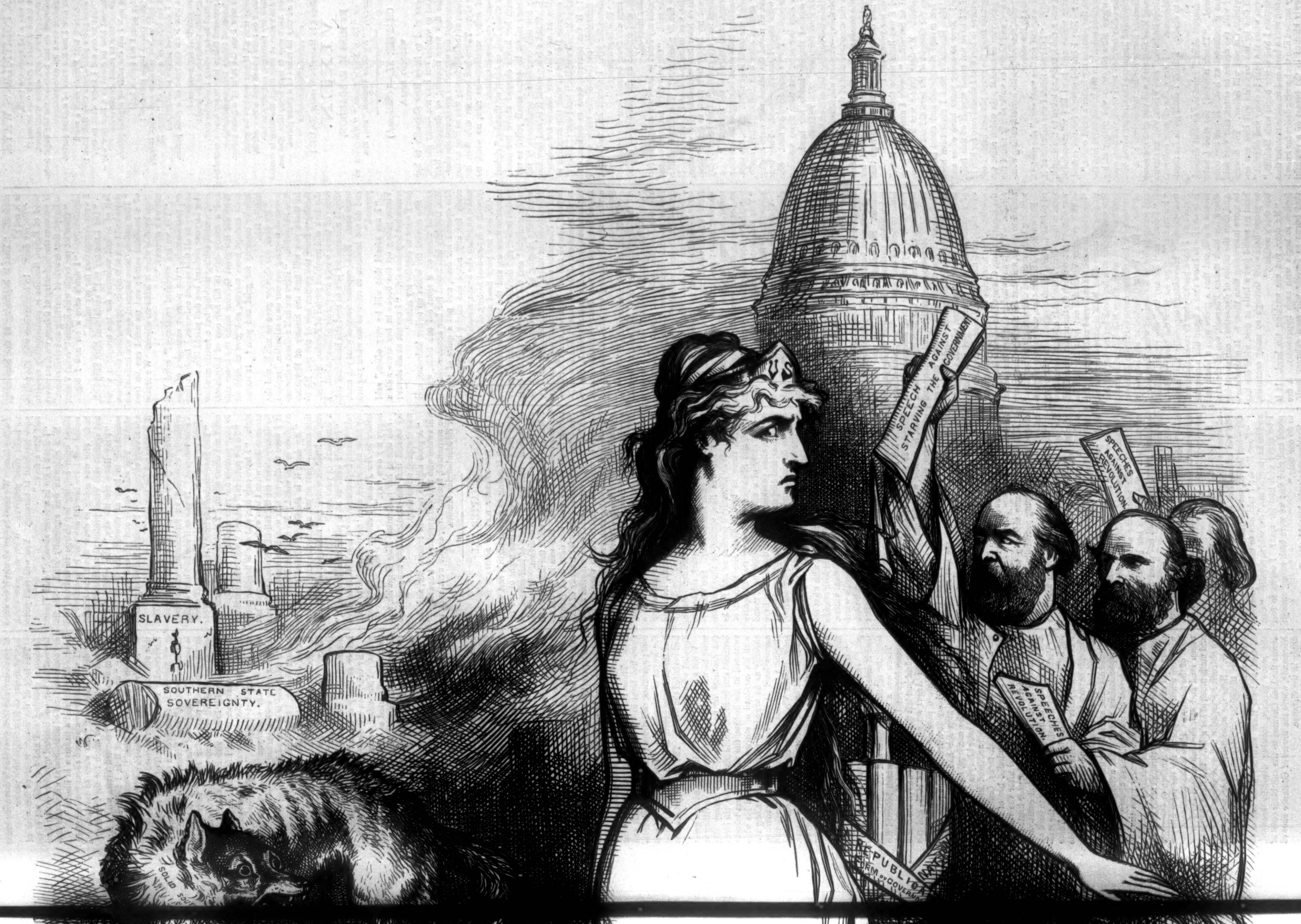
NOW LET HIM COME.

U. S. "Stop your cry of '*Wolf!*' I am ready."


US
SPEECH AGAINST STARVING THE GOVERNMENT
SPEECHES AGAINST REVOLUTION.
SPEECHES AGAINST REVOLUTION.
SLAVERY.
SOUTHERN STATE SOVEREIGNTY.
REPUBLICA
FORM OF GOVERN
NATION
SOLID SOU

A POLITICIAN'S WAYS.

WHEN I was a lad upon the town,
I hadn't a chum that I didn't "do brown;"
I cried the papers up and down Wall Street,
And I polished up the boots on the big bugs' feet—
I polished them up so carefullee
That now I am the ruler of a great partee.

As a boot-black bold I made such a mark
That I soon got a place—near City Hall Park;
I knew what to do, and I knew what to say,
And I learned how to count in a nice new way—
I learned how to count so cleverlee
That now I am the ruler of a great partee.

Of politics soon I got such a hold
That I easily turned them into gold;
And the gold bought railways and other things,
And put me inside of a score of "rings;"
And I managed affairs so skillfullee
That now I am the ruler of a great partee.

I grew so rich that my party said
I must go into Congress as its head;
And it's hard to say *where* I may be sent,
For I've managed things here to my heart's content—
I've managed things here so splendidlee
That now I am the ruler of a great partee.

Now young men all, if you want to be great,
If you want to have power and a rich estate,
Just follow my footsteps, and, fifty to one
(If you don't stop at Sing Sing), the thing is done—
If you don't stop at Sing Sing, then, like me,
You all may be rulers of a great partee.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1137.]

VIXEN.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "DEAD MEN'S SHOES," "HOSTAGES TO FORTUNE," "AN OPEN VERDICT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XL.—(*Continued.*)

WEDDING BELLS.

SHE was glad to leave Miss Skipwith to her books, and to wander out into the sunny garden, where the figs were ripening or dropping half ripened amongst the neglected grass, and the clustering bloom of the hydrangeas was as blue as the summer sky. There had been an unbroken interval of sultry weather—no rain, no wind, no clouds—only endless sunshine.

"If it would hail, or blow, or thunder," sighed Vixen, with her hands clasped above her head, "the change might be some small relief to my feelings; but this everlasting brightness is too dreadful. What a lying world it is, and how Nature smiles at us when our hearts are aching! Well, I suppose I ought to wish the sunshine to last till after Rorie's wedding; but I don't! I don't! I don't! If the heavens were to darken, and forked lightnings to cleave the black vault, I should dance for joy. I should hail the storm, and cry, 'This is sympathy!'"

And then she flung herself face downward on the grass, and sobbed as she had sobbed on her pillow that morning.

"It rends my heart to know we are parted forever," she said. "Oh, why did I not say Yes that night in the fir plantation? The chance of life-long bliss was in my hand, and I let it go. It would have been less wicked to give way then, and accept my happy fate, than to suffer these evil feelings that are gnawing at my heart to-day—vain rage, cruel hatred of the innocent."

The wedding bells must be ringing by this time. She fancied she could hear them. Yes, the summer air seemed alive with bells. North, south, east, west, all round the island, they were ringing madly, with tuneful marriage peal. They beat upon her brain. They would drive her mad. She tried to stop her ears, but then those wedding chimes seemed ringing inside her head. She could not shut them out. She remembered how the joy-bells had haunted her ears on Rorie's twenty-first birthday—that day which had ended so bitterly, in the announcement of the engagement between the cousins. Yes, that had been her first real trouble. How well she remembered her despair and desolation that night, the rage that possessed her young soul!

"And I was little more than a child then," she said to herself. "Surely I must have been born wicked. My dear father was living then, and even the thought of his love did not comfort me. I felt myself abandoned and alone in the world. How idiotically fond I must have been of Rorie! Ever so many years have come and gone, and I have not cured myself of this folly. What is there in him that I should care for him?"

She got up from the grass, plucked herself out of that paroxysm of mental pain which came too near lunacy, and began to walk slowly round the garden paths, reasoning with herself, calling womanly pride to the rescue.

"I hate myself for this weakness," she protested, dumbly. "I did not think I was capable of it. When I was a child, and was taken to the dentist, did I ever whine and howl like vulgar-minded children? No; I braced myself for the ordeal, and bore the pain, as my father's child ought."

She walked quickly to the house, burst into the parlor, where Miss Skipwith was sitting at her desk, the table covered with open volumes, over which flowers of literature the student roved, bee-like, collecting honey for her intellectual hive.

"Please, Miss Skipwith, will you give me some books about Buddha?" said Vixen, with an alarming suddenness. "I am quite of your opinion: I ought to study. I think I shall go in for theology."

"My dearest child!" cried the ancient damsel, enraptured. "Thank Heaven! the seed I have sown has germinated at last. If you are once inspired with the desire to enter that vast field of knowledge, the rest will follow. The flowers you will find by the way-side will lure you onward, even when the path is stony and difficult."

"I suppose I had better begin with Buddha," said Vixen, with a hard and resolute manner that scarcely seemed like the burning desire for knowledge newly kindled in the breast of a youthful student. "That is beginning at the beginning, is it not?"

"No, my dear. In comparison with the priesthood of Egypt, Buddha is contemptibly modern. If we want the beginning of things, we must revert to Egypt, that cradle of learning and civilization."

"Then let me begin with Egypt!" cried Vixen, impatiently. "I don't care a bit how I begin. I want occupation for my mind."

"Did I not say so?" exclaimed Miss Skipwith, full of ardent welcome for the neophyte whose steps had been so tardy in approaching the shrine. "That pallor, those haggard eyes, are indications of a troubled mind; and no mind can be free from trouble when it lacks an object. We create our own sorrows."

"Yes, we are wretched creatures!" cried Vixen, passionately, "the poorest examples of machinery in all this varied universe. Look at that cow in your orchard, her dull placid life, inoffensive, useful, asking nothing but a fertile meadow and a sunny day to fill her cup of happiness. Why did the great Creator make the lower animals exempt from sorrow, and give us such an infinite capacity for grief and pain? It seems hardly fair."

"My dear, our Creator gave us minds, and the power of working out our own salvation," replied Miss Skipwith. "Here are half a dozen volumes. In these you will find the history of Egyptian theology, from the golden age of the god Râ to the dark and troubled period of Persian invasion. Some of these works are purely philosophical. I should recommend you to read the historical volumes first. Make copious notes of what you read, and do not hesitate to refer to me when you are puzzled."

"I am afraid that will be very often," said Vixen, piling up the books in her arms with a somewhat hopeless air. "I am not at all clever; but I want to employ my mind."

She carried the books up to her bedroom, and arranged them on a stout old oak table, which Mrs. Doddery had found for her accommodation. She opened her desk, and put a quire of paper ready for any notes she might be tempted to make, and then she began, steadily and laboriously, with a dry-as-dust history of ancient Egypt.

Oh, how her poor head ached as the summer noontide wore on, and the bees hummed in the garden below, and the distant waves danced gayly in the sunlight! and the knowledge that the bells were really ringing at Ashbourne could not be driven from her mind. How the Shepherd Kings, and the Pharaohs, and the comparatively modern days of Joseph and his brethren, and the ridiculously recent era of Moses, passed, like dim shifting shadows, before her mental vision! She retraced her steps in that dreary book, again and again, patiently, forcing her mind to the uncongenial task.

"I will not be such a slave as to think of him all this long summer day," she said to herself. "I *will* think of the god Râ, and the lotus flowers, and the Red Nile, and the Green Nile, and all this wonderful land where I am going to take dear old M'Croke by-and-by."

She read on till dinner-time, only pausing to scribble rapid notes of the dates and names and facts which would not stand steadily in her whirling brain; and then she went down to the parlor, no longer pale, but with two hectic spots on her cheeks, and her eyes unnaturally bright.

"Ah," ejaculated Miss Skipwith, delightedly. "You look better already. There is nothing like severe study for bracing the nerves."

Violet talked about Egypt all dinner-time, but she ate hardly any thing, and that hectic flush upon her cheeks grew more vivid as she talked.

"To think that after the seed lying dormant all this time, it should have germinated at last with such sudden vigor," mused Miss Skipwith. "The poor girl is talking a good deal of nonsense; but that is only the exuberance of a newly awakened intellect."

Vixen went back to the Egyptians directly after dinner. She toiled along the arid road with an indomitable patience. Her ideas of Egypt had hitherto been of the vaguest. Vast plains of barren sand, a pyramid or two, Memnon's head breathing wild music in the morning sunshine, crocodiles, copper-colored natives, and Antony and Cleopatra. These things were about as much as Miss M'Croke's painstaking tuition had implanted in her pupil's mind. And here, without a shadow of vocation, this poor ignorant girl was poring over the driest details that ever interested the scholar. The mysteries of the triple language, the Rosetta stone, Champollion—*tout le long de la rivière.* Was it any wonder that her head ached almost to agony, and that the ringing of imaginary wedding bells sounded distractingly in her ears?

She worked on till tea-time, and was too engrossed to hear the bell, which clanged lustily for every meal in the orderly household: a bell whose clamor was somewhat too much for the repast it heralded.

This evening Vixen did not hear the bell, inviting her to weak tea and bread and butter. The ringing of those other bells obscured the sound. She was sitting with her book before her, but her eyes fixed on vacancy, when Miss Skipwith, newly interested in her charge, came to inquire the cause of her delay. The girl looked at her languidly, and seemed slow to understand what she said.

"I don't care for any tea," she replied at last. "I would rather go on with the history. It is tremendously interesting, especially the hieroglyphics. I have been trying to make them out. It is so nice to know that a figure like a chopper means a god, and that a goose with a black ball above his back means Pharaoh, son of the sun. And then the tables of dynasties: can any thing be more interesting than those? It makes one's head go round just a little at first, when one has to grope backward through so many centuries, but that's nothing."

"My dear, you are working too hard. It is foolish to begin with such impetuosity. A fire that burns so fiercely will soon exhaust itself. *Festina lente.* We must hasten slowly, if we want to make solid progress. Why, my poor child, your forehead is burning. You will read yourself into a fever."

"I think I am in a fever already," said Vixen.

Miss Skipwith was unusually kind. She insisted upon helping her charge to undress, and would not leave her till she was lying quietly in bed. She was going to draw down the blinds, but against this Vixen protested vehemently.

"Pray leave me the sky," she cried; "it is something to look at through the long blank night. The stars come and go, and the clouds are always changing. I believe I should go mad if it were not for the sky."

Poor Miss Skipwith felt seriously uneasy. The first draught from the fountain of knowledge had evidently exercised an intoxicating effect upon Violet Tempest. It was as if she had been taking opium or hashish. The girl's brain was affected.

"You have studied too long," she said. "This must not occur again. I feel myself responsible to your parents for your health."

"To my parents!" echoed Vixen, with a sudden sigh. "I have only one, and she is happier in my absence than when I was with her. You need not be uneasy about me if I fall ill. No one will care. If I were to die, no one would be sorry. I have no place in the world. No one would miss me."

"My dear, it is absolutely wicked to talk in this strain—just as you are developing new powers, an intellect which may make you a pillar and a landmark in your age."

"I don't want to be a pillar or a landmark," said Vixen, impatiently. "I don't want to have my name associated with 'movements,' or to write letters to *The Times.* I should like to have been happy my own way."

She turned her back upon Miss Skipwith, and lay so still that the excellent lady supposed she was dropping off to sleep.

"A good night's rest will restore her, and she will awake with renewed appetite for knowledge," she murmured, benevolently, as she went back to her Swedenborgian studies.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE NEAREST WAY TO NORWAY.

No such blessing as a good night's rest was in store for Violet Tempest on that night of the 1st of August. She lay in a state of half consciousness that was near akin to delirium. When she closed her eyes for a little while the demon of evil dreams took hold of her. She was in the old familiar home scenes with her dear dead father. She acted over again that awful tragedy of sudden death. She was upbraiding her mother about Captain Carmichael. Bitter words were on her lips—words more bitter than even she had ever spoken in all her intensity of adverse feeling. She was in the woody hollow by Rufus's Stone, blindfold, with arms stretched helplessly out, seeking for Rorie among the smooth beech boles, with a dreadful sense of loneliness, and a fear that he was far away, and that she would perish, lost and alone, in that dismal wood.

So the slow night wore on to morning. Sometimes she lay staring idly at the stars, shining so serenely in that calm summer sky. She wondered what life was like, yonder, in those remote worlds. Was humanity's portion as sad, fate as adverse, there as here? Then she thought of Egypt, and Shakspeare's Antony and Cleopatra—that story of a wild, undisciplined love, grand in its lawless passion, its awful doom. To have loved thus, and died thus, seemed a higher destiny than to do right, and patiently conquer sorrow, and live on somehow to the dismal end of the dull blameless chapter.

At last, with what laggard steps, with what oppressive tardiness, came the dawn, in long streaks of lurid light above the edge of the distant waters.

"'Red sky at morning is the shepherd's warning!'" cried Vixen, with dry lips. "Thank God, there will be rain to-day! Welcome change after the hot arid skies, and the cruel brazen sun, mocking all the miseries of this troubled earth."

She felt almost as wildly glad as the Ancient Mariner at the idea of that blessed relief; and then, by-and-by, with the changeful light shining on her face, she fell into a deep sleep.

Perhaps that morning sleep saved Vixen from an impending fever. It was the first refreshing slumber she had had for a week—a sweet dreamless sleep. The breakfast bell rang unheeded. The rain, forecast by that red sky, fell in soft showers upon the verdant isle, and the grateful earth gave back its sweetest perfumes to the cool moist air.

Miss Skipwith came softly in to look at her charge, saw her sleeping peacefully, and as softly retired.

"Poor child! the initiation has been too much for her unformed mind," she murmured, complacently, pleased with herself for having secured a disciple. "The path is narrow and rugged at the beginning, but it will broaden out before her as she goes on."

Violet awoke, and found that it was mid-day. Oh, what a blessed relief that long morning sleep had been! She woke like a creature cured of mortal pain. She fell on her knees beside the bed, and prayed as she had not often prayed in her brief careless life.

"What am I, that I should question Thy justice!" she cried. "Lord, teach me to submit, teach me to bear my burden patiently, and to do some good in the world."

Her mood and temper were wondrously softened after a long interval of thought and prayer. She was ashamed of her waywardness of yesterday—her foolish, unreasonable passion.

"Poor Rorie; I told him to keep his promise, and he has obeyed me," she said to herself. "Can I be angry with him for that? I ought to feel proud and glad that we were both strong enough to do our duty."

She dressed slowly, languid after the excitement of yesterday, and then went slowly down the broad bare staircase to Miss Skipwith's parlor.

The lady of the manor received her with affectionate greeting, and had a special pot of tea brewed for her, and insisted upon her eating some dry toast—a form of nourishment which this temperate lady deemed a panacea in illness.

"I was positively alarmed about you last night, my dear," she said; "you were so feverish and excited. You read too much for the first day."

"I'm afraid I did," assented Vixen, with a faint smile; "and the worst of it is, I believe I have forgotten every word I read."

"Surely not!" cried Miss Skipwith, horrified at this admission. "You seemed so impressed, so interested. You were so full of your subject."

"I have a faint recollection of the little men in the hieroglyphics," said Vixen; "but all the rest is gone. The images of Antony and Cleopatra, in Shakspeare's play, bring Egypt more vividly before me than all the history I read yesterday."

Miss Skipwith looked shocked, just as if some improper character in real life had been brought before her. "Cleopatra was very disreputable, and she was not Egyptian," she remarked, severely. "I am sorry you should waste your thoughts upon such a person."

"I think she is the most interesting woman in ancient history," said Vixen, willfully, "as Mary Queen of Scots is in modern history. It is not the good people whose images take hold of one's fancy. What a faint idea one has of Lady Jane Grey! And in Schiller's 'Don Carlos' I confess the Marquis of Posa never interested me half so keenly as Philip of Spain."

"My dear, you are made up of fancies and caprices. Your mind wants balance," said Miss Skipwith, affronted at this frivolity. "Had you not better go for a walk with your dog? Doddery tells me that poor Argus has not had a good run since last week."

"How wicked of me!" cried Vixen. "Poor old fellow! I had almost forgotten his existence. Yes, I should like a long walk, if you will not think me idle."

"You studied too many hours yesterday, my dear. It will do you good to relax the bow to-day. *Non semper arcum tendit Apollo.*"

"I'll go for my favorite walk to Mount Orgueil. I don't think there'll be any more rain. Please excuse me if I am not home in time for dinner. I can have a little cold meat, or an egg, for my tea."

"You had better take a sandwich with you," said Miss Skipwith, with unusual thoughtfulness. "You have been eating hardly any thing lately."

Vixen did not care about the sandwich, but submitted, to please her hostess, and a neat little paper parcel, containing about three ounces of nutriment, was made up for her by Mrs. Doddery. Never had the island looked fairer in its summer beauty than it looked to-day, after the morning's rain. These showers had been to Jersey what sleep had been to Vixen. The air was soft and cool; sparkling rain-drops fell like diamonds from the leaves of ash and elm. The hedge-row ferns had taken a new green, as if the spirit of spring had revisited the island. The blue bright sea was dimpled with wavelets.

What a bright, glad world it was, and how great must be the sin of a rebellious spirit, cavilling at the dealings of its Creator! The happy dog bounced and bounded round his mistress, the birds twittered in the hedges, the passing farm laborer with his cart-load of sea-weed smacked his whip cheerily as he urged his patient horse along the narrow lane. A huge van-load of cockney tourists, singing a boisterous chorus to the last music-hall song, passed Vixen at a turn of the road, and made a blot on the serene beauty of the scene. They were going to eat lobsters and drink bottled beer and play skittles at Le Tac. Vixen rejoiced when their raucous voices died away on the summer breeze.

"Why is Jersey the peculiar haunt of the vulgar?" she wondered. "It is such a lovely place that it deserves to be visited by something better than the refuse of Margate and Ramsgate."

There was a meadow path which lessened the distance between Les Tourelles and Mount Orgueil. Vixen had just left the road and entered the meadow, when Argus set up a joyous bark, and ran back to salute a passing vehicle. It was a St. Helier's fly, driving at a tremendous pace in the direction from which she had come. A young man lay back in the carriage, smoking a cigar, with his hat slouched over his eyes. Vixen could just see the strong sunburned hand flung up above his head. It was a foolish fancy, doubtless, but that broad brown hand reminded her of Rorie's. Argus leaped the stile, rushed after the vehicle, and saluted it clamorously. The poor brute had been mewed up for a week in a dull court-yard, and was rejoiced at having something to bark at.

Vixen walked on to the sea-shore, and the smiling little harbor, and the brave old castle. There was the usual party of tourists following the guide through narrow passages and echoing chambers, and peering into the rooms where Charles Stuart endured his exile, and making those lively remarks and speculations whereby the average tourist is prone to reveal his hazy notions of history. Happily Vixen knew of quiet corners upon the upward walls whither tourists rarely penetrated; nooks in which she had sat through many an hour of sun and shade, reading, musing, or sketching with free untutored pencil, for the mere idle delight of the moment. Here in this loneliness, between land and sea, she had nursed her sorrow and made much of her grief. She liked the place. No obtrusive sympathy had ever made it odious to her. Here she was mistress of herself and of her own thoughts. To-day she went to her favorite corner, a seat in an angle of the battlemented wall, and sat there with her arms folded on the stone parapet, looking dreamily seaward, across the blue Channel to the still bluer coast of Normandy, where the towers of Coutance showed dimly in the distance.

Resignation. Yes, that was to be her portion henceforward. She must live out her life, in isolation almost as complete as Miss Skipwith's, without the innocent delusions which gave substance and color to that lonely lady's existence.

"If I could only have a craze," she thought, hopelessly—"some harmless monomania which would fill my mind! The maniacs in Bedlam, who fancy themselves popes or queens, are happy in their foolish way. If I could only imagine myself something which I am not—any thing except poor useless Violet Tempest, who has no place in the world!"

The sun was gaining power, the air was drowsy, the soft ripple of the tide upon the golden sand was like a lullaby. Even that long sleep of the morning had not cured Vixen's weariness. There were long arrears of slumber yet to be made up. Her eyelids drooped, then closed altogether, the ocean lullaby took a still softer sound, the distant voices of the tourists grew infinitely soothing, and Vixen sank quietly to sleep, her head leaning on her folded arms, the gentle west wind faintly stirring her loose hair.

"'Oh, happy kiss that woke thy sleep!'" cried a familiar voice close in the slumberer's ear, and then a warm breath, which was not the summer wind, fanned the cheek that lay upmost upon her arm, two warm lips were pressed against that glowing cheek in ardent greeting. The girl started to her feet, every vein tingling with the thrilling recognition of her assailant. There was no one else—none other than he—in this wide world who would do such a thing! She sprang up and faced him, her eyes flashing, her cheeks crimson.

"How dare you?" she cried. "Then it was you I saw in the fly? Pray is this the nearest way to Norway?"

Yes, it was Rorie; looking exactly like the familiar Rorie of old, not one whit altered by marriage with a duke's only daughter; a stalwart young fellow in a rough gray suit, a dark face sunburned to deepest bronze, eyes with a happy smile in them, firmly cut lips half hidden by the thick brown beard—a face that would have looked well under a lifted helmet; such a face as the scared Saxons must have seen among the bold followers of William the Norman, when those hardy Norse warriors ran amuck in Dover town.

"Not to my knowledge," answered this audacious villain, in his lightest tone. "I am not very geographical, but I should think it was rather out of the way."

"Then you and Lady Mabel have changed your plans?" said Vixen, trembling very much, but trying desperately to be as calmly commonplace as a young lady talking to an ineligible partner at a ball. "You are not going to the north of Europe?"

"Lady Mabel and I have changed our plans. We are not going to the north of Europe."

"Oh!"

"In point of fact, we are not going any where."

"But you have come to Jersey. That is part of your tour, I suppose?"

"Do not be too hasty in your suppositions, Miss Tempest. *I* have come to Jersey—I am quite willing to admit as much as that."

"And Lady Mabel? She is with you, of course?"

"Not the least bit in the world. To the best of my knowledge, Lady Mabel—I beg her pardon—Lady Mallow—is now on her way to the fishing grounds of Connemara with her husband."

"Rorie!"

What a glad, happy cry that was! It was like a gush of sudden music from a young blackbird's throat on a sunny spring morning. The crimson dye had faded from Violet's cheeks a minute ago, and left her deadly pale. Now the bright color rushed back again, the happy brown eyes, the sweet blush-rose lips, broke into the gladest smile that ever Rorie had seen upon her face. He held out his arms, he clasped her to his breast, where she rested unresistingly, infinitely happy. Great Heaven! how the whole world and herself had become transformed in this moment of unspeakable bliss! Rorie, the lost, the surrendered, was her own true lover after all!

"Yes, dear, I obeyed you. You were hard and cruel to me that night in the fir plantation; but I knew in my heart of hearts that you were wise, and honest, and true; and I made up my mind that I would keep the engagement entered upon beside my mother's death-bed. Loving or unloving, I would marry Mabel Ashbourne, and do my duty to her, and go down to my grave with the character of a good and faithful husband, as many a man has done who never loved his wife. So I held on, Vixen—yes, I will call you by the old pet name now: henceforward you are mine, and I shall call you what I like—I held on, and was altogether an exemplary lover; went wherever I was ordered to go, and always came when they whistled for me; rode at my lady's jog-trot pace in the Row, stood behind her chair at the opera, endured more classical music than ever man heard before and lived, listened to my sweetheart's manuscript verses, and, in a word, did my duty in that state of life to which it had pleased God to call me: and my reward has been to be jilted with every circumstance of ignominy on my wedding morning."

"Jilted!" cried Vixen, her big brown eyes shining in pleasantest mockery. "Why, I thought Lady Mabel adored you?"

"So did I," answered Roderick, naïvely, "and I pitied the poor dear thing for her infatuation. Had I not thought that, I should have broken my bonds long ago. It was not the love of the duke's acres that held me. I still believe that Mabel was fond of me once, but Lord Mallow bowled me out. His eloquence, his Parliamentary success, and, above all, his flattery, proved irresistible. The scoundrel brought a marriage certificate in his pocket when he came to stay at Ashbourne, and had the art to engage rooms at Southampton, and sleep there a night *en passant*. He left a portmanteau and a hat-box there, and that constituted legal occupancy; so when he won Lady Mabel's consent to an elopement—which I believe he did not succeed in doing till the night before our intended wedding day—he had only to ride over to Southampton and give notice to the parson and clerk. The whole thing was done splendidly. Lady Mabel went out at eight o'clock, under the pretense of going to early church. Mallow was waiting for her with a fly half a mile from Ashbourne. They drove to Southampton together, and were married at ten o'clock in the old church of St. Michael. While the distracted duchess and her women were hunting every where for the bride, and all the visitors at Ashbourne were arraying themselves in their wedding finery, and the village children were filling their baskets with flowers to strew upon the pathway of the happy pair, emblematical of the flowers which do *not* blossom in the highway of life, the lady was over the border with Jock o' Hazeldean. Wasn't it fun, Vixen?"

And the jilted one flung back his handsome head and laughed long and loud. It was too good a joke, the welcome release coming at the last moment.

"At half past ten there came a telegram from my runaway bride:

"'Ask Roderick to forgive me, dear mamma. I found at the last that my heart was not mine to give, and I am married to Lord Mallow. I do not think my cousin will grieve very much.'

"That last clause was sensible, anyhow, was it not, Vixen?"

"I think the whole business was very sensible," said Vixen, with a sweet grave smile. "Lord Mallow wanted a clever wife, and you did not. It was very wise of Lady Mabel to find that out before it was too late."

"She will be very happy as Lady Mallow," said Roderick. "Mallow will legislate for Ireland, and she will rule him. He will have quite enough of Home Rule, poor beggar. Hibernia will be Mabelized. She is a dear good little thing. I quite love her, now she has jilted me."

"But how did you come here?" asked Vixen, looking up at her lover in simple wonder. "All this happened only yesterday morning."

"Is there not a steamer that leaves Southampton nightly? Had there not been one, I would have chartered a boat for myself. I would have come in a cockle-shell—I would have come with a swimming-belt—I would have done any thing wild and adventurous to hasten to my love. I started for Southampton the minute I had seen that too blessed telegram; went to St. Michael's; saw the register with its entry of Lord Mallow's marriage, hardly dry; and then went down to the docks and booked my berth. Oh, what a long day yesterday was!—the longest day of my life."

"And of mine," sighed Vixen, between tears and laughter, "in spite of the Shepherd Kings."

"Are those Jersey people you have picked up?" Rorie asked, innocently.

This turned the scale, and Vixen burst into a joyous peal of laughter.

"How did you find me here?" she asked.

"Very easily. Your custodian—what a grim-looking personage she is, by-the-way!—told me where you were gone, and directed me how to follow you. I told her I had a most important message to deliver to you from your mother. You don't mind that artless device, I hope?"

"Not much. How is dear mamma? She complains in her letters of not feeling very well."

"I have not seen her lately. When I did, I thought her looking ill and worn. She will get well when you go back to her, Vixen. Your presence will be like sunshine."

"I shall never go back to the Abbey House."

"Yes, you will—for one fortnight at least. After that your home will be at Briarwood. You must be married from your father's house."

"Who said I was going to be married, Sir?" asked Vixen, with delicious coquetry.

"I said it—I say it. Do you think I am too bold, darling? Ought I to go on my knees, love, and make you a formal offer? Why, I have loved you all my life; and I think you have loved me as long."

"So I have, Rorie," she answered, softly, shyly, sweetly. "I forswore myself that night in the fir wood. I always loved you; there was no stage of my life when you were not dearer to me than any one on earth, except my father."

"Dear love, I am ashamed of my happiness," said Roderick, tenderly. "I have been so weak and unworthy. I gave away my hopes of bliss in one foolishly soft moment, to gratify my mother's dying wish—a wish that had been dinned into my ear for the last years of her life—and I have done nothing but repent my folly ever since. Can you forgive me, Violet? I shall never forgive myself."

"Let the past be like a dream that we have dreamed. It will make the future seem so much the brighter."

"Yes."

And then under the blue August sky, fearless and unabashed, these happy lovers gave each other the kiss of betrothal.

"What am I to do with you?" Vixen asked, laughingly. "I ought to go home to Les Tourelles."

"Don't you think you might take me with you? I am your young man now, you know. I hope it is not a case of 'no followers allowed.'"

"I'm afraid Miss Skipwith will feel disappointed in me. She thought I was going to have a mission."

"A mission!"

"Yes; that I was going in for theology. And for it all to end in my being engaged to be married! It seems such a commonplace ending, does it not?"

"Decidedly. As commonplace as the destiny of Adam and Eve, whom God joined together in Eden. Take me back to Les Tourelles, Vixen. I think I shall be able to manage Miss Skipwith."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE American Metrological Society has lately published a Bulletin containing an account of the organization and objects of the society. Its officers are Professor F. A. P. BARNARD, president; Professor J. E. HILGARD, vice-president; Professor T. EGLESTON, secretary and treasurer; Professor A. M. MAYER, corresponding secretary.

The primary object of the association is the improvement of the system of weights, measures, and moneys at present existing among men, and to bring the same as far as practicable into relations of simple commensurability with each other. A further object is to secure the universal adoption of common units of measure, which require to be stated in presenting the results of physical observations, such as the divisions of the barometer and thermometer, the amount of work done by machines, etc. As to the denominations of weight, measure, and money derived from the unit bases, the association will endeavor to secure the acceptance of a system of decimal derivation, but not necessarily to the exclusion, for practical purposes, of the old method.

The Boston *Fish Bureau* of April 15 announces that the first fresh mackerel were brought into New York by the schooner *Sarah M. Jacobs* on the night of the 14th, having a catch of 120 barrels on board. Another vessel, the *Ellen M. Adams*, followed later with 100 barrels. These were all caught on the 13th, about sixty miles south of Cape Henry. They were said, however, to be of very poor quality, although the large ones brought twelve cents. Two other vessels arrived at Philadelphia on the 15th. Some thirty vessels have already left Gloucester in search of this fish.

The name of Professor KARMARSCH is to be added to the list of recent deaths among scientific veterans. Born in 1803, he commenced his scientific career at the age of twenty as a writer; but he is best known in connection with his *Dictionary and History of Technology*, his position as director of the Hanover Polytechnic School giving him special facilities for this work.

A rival to the EDISON electric pen has lately been introduced in England by Messrs. NEWTON, WILSON, & Co., under the name of the "horograph." Its action is precisely like that of the EDISON pen, but instead of being moved by electricity, it acts by clock-work. The needle point is driven by gear, and works by a main-spring, which is wound up by a key in the ordinary manner. It is said to do its work equally well with the electric pen, and to have some advantages in comparison.

The sum of 41,000 francs ($8200), at last advices, had been collected for the statue of GAUSS, the well-known German mathematician and astronomer.

The United States Fish Commission is in receipt of a letter, dated April 12, from the Rev. THOMAS MAY THORPE, of Hot Springs, Arkansas, in which he states that about 500 full-grown, mature, genuine shad had been brought into that village within the few days previous. The head sent with the letter is incontestably that of the true shad, and does not belong to the hickory shad, which is quite common in the Western waters, and has been so frequently confounded with it.

The London journals announce the death of Sir WALTER TREVELYAN, of Nettlecombe, in March, at the age of eighty-two. Of late years he has been best known as an advocate of the temperance movement as regards tobacco and liquor, and his claim to mention in these columns is his having been one of the oldest fellows of the Geological Society, entering it in 1817, and one who did much to advance geological science when in its infancy. His researches related more particularly to Northumberland and the Faroe Islands, of which he was one of the earliest explorers.

The telegraphic columns announce the death, on the 5th of April, at Berlin, of Professor H. W. DOVE, the most eminent of meteorologists. He was born in Silesia in 1803, and became a professor in Berlin in 1829, being elected to membership in the Academy of Sciences in 1837, and a full professor of physics in 1845. His researches covered all departments of meteorology and terrestrial physics, and he also acquired much distinction in other branches of physical science.

Since the first adoption of weather forecasts by the United States Signal Office, various government establishments in Europe have followed the example, and it is stated that those published since 1877 by the German Nautical Observatory at Hamburg have been exceptionally accurate, the percentage of fulfillments being about eighty.

According to Professor JÄGER, of Leipsic, the proportion of water in the tissues and the liquids of the body is one of the chief factors in liability to illness. Any treatment, therefore, that aids the discharge of water from the system by the lungs, skin, etc., is considered favorable. The promotion of perspiration, both sensible and insensible, by keeping the skin perfectly clean, the wearing of woolen clothing, vigorous gymnastic exercise, the use of hot drinks, thorough ventilation of sitting and bed rooms for the elimination of moist air, are all of much importance. According to the professor, the specific gravity of a living being is a good criterion of his strength of constitution, power of resistance to causes of illness, and power of work.

The ozokerite, or mineral wax, which has of late years been used in such quantities in Vienna, and excited so much interest among chemists and geologists, has now a great many applications in addition to that of illumination. Wax pencils of this material are now sold in Vienna for marking and writing on all kinds of wood, linen, cloth, and paper, and as a substitute for chalk for the blackboard. The marks produced by these pencils are not obliterated by moisture, acid, or friction. They are made of different sizes and colors.

The recent discovery in Utah, in large quantity, of a substance similar to ozokerite, but perhaps of a different species, will doubtless have interest in the same connection.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A YOUNG man from the country went to have a tooth plugged. The dentist advised him to have the tooth out, and assured him that he would feel no pain if he inhaled laughing-gas. "But what is the effect of the gas?" asked the youth. "It simply makes you totally insensible," answered the dentist; "you don't know any thing that takes place." The rustic assented; but, just previous to the gas being administered he put his hand into his pocket and pulled out his money. "Oh, don't trouble about that now," said the dentist, thinking that he was going to be paid his fee. "Not at all," remarked the patient; "I was simply going to see how much I had, before the gas took effect."

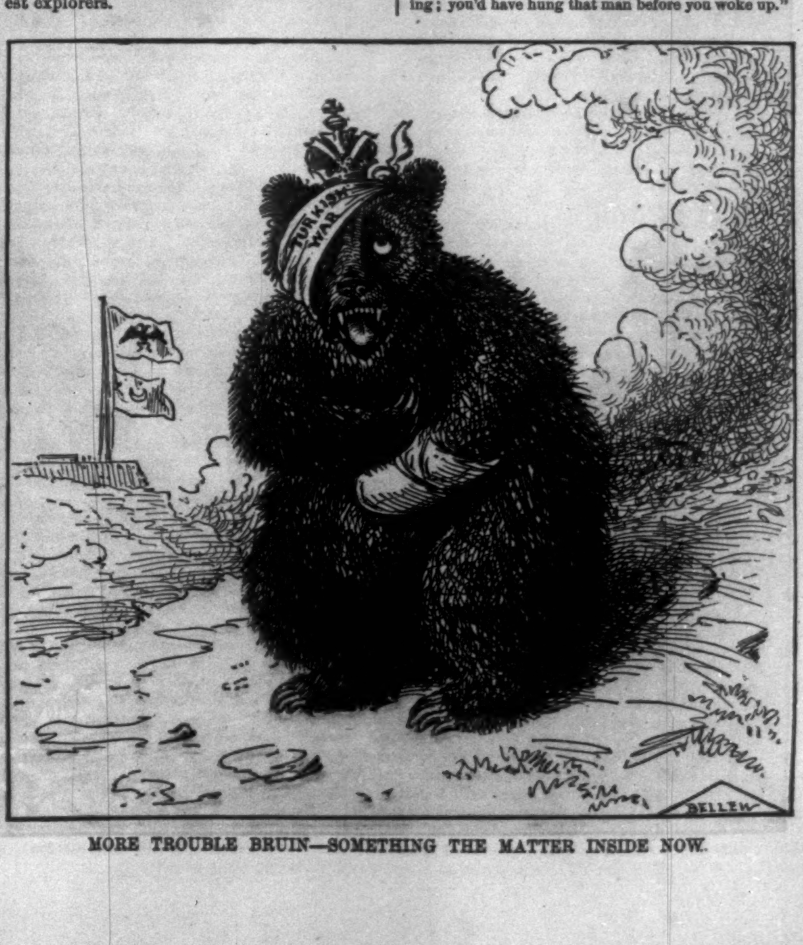
He was kneeling at her feet and saying, "My precious sweet, life lingers to me as petunia, streaked with glorious golden frettings of a soul which knoweth no love so—" "Oh, Henry!" said she, "that's the correct card."

A painter's apprentice fell off a scaffold with a pot of paint in each hand. He was taken up insensible, but as soon as restored to consciousness he murmured, "I went down with flying colors, anyhow."

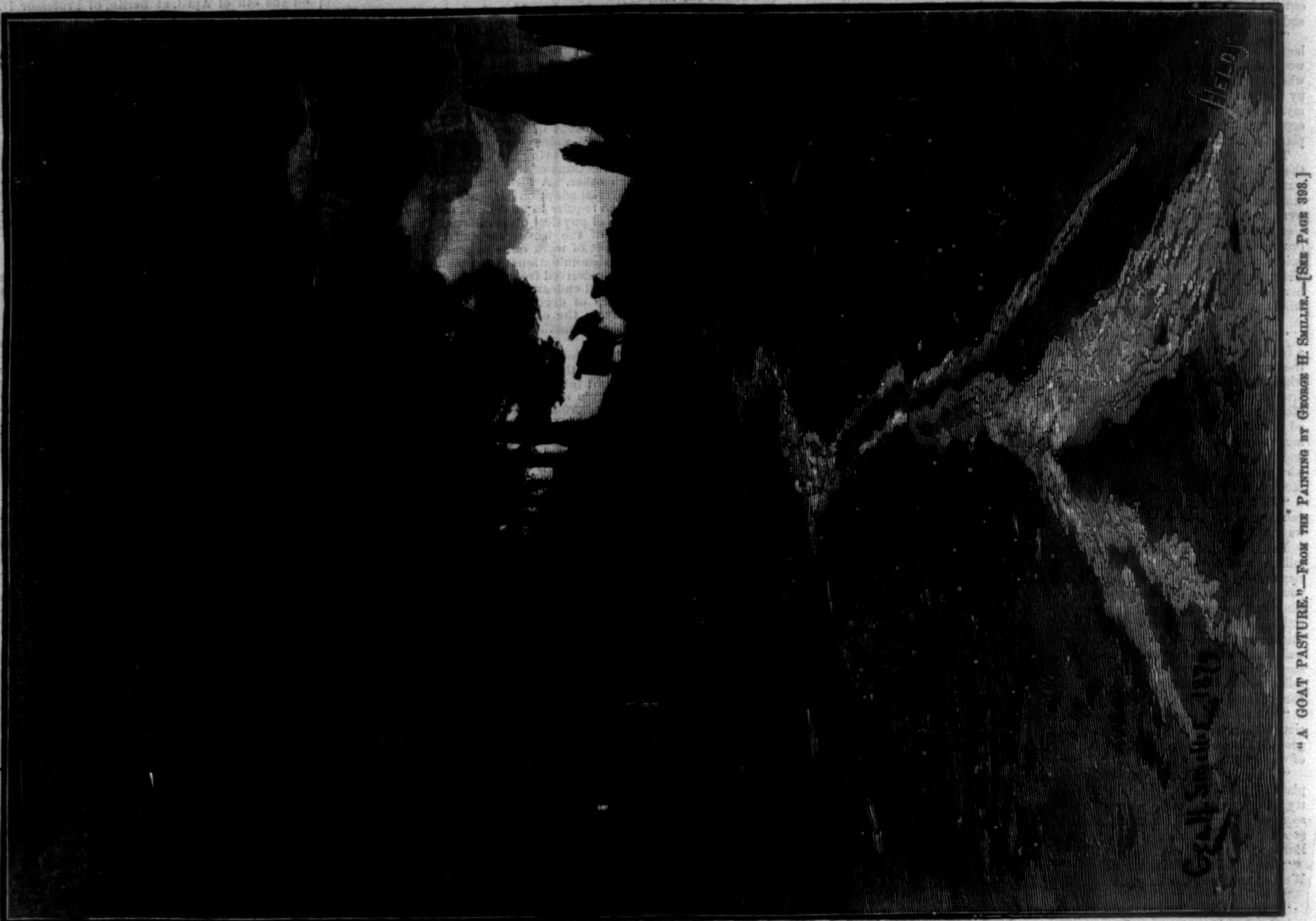
"You have played the deuce with my heart," said a gentleman to a lady partner during a game of whist. "Well," replied the lady, with an arch smile, "it was simply because you played the knave."

"I wish I were you about two hours," she said, with great tenderness. "And why, my dear?" he asked, with considerable interest. "Because," she said, toying affectionately with his watch chain—"because then I would buy my wife a new bonnet."

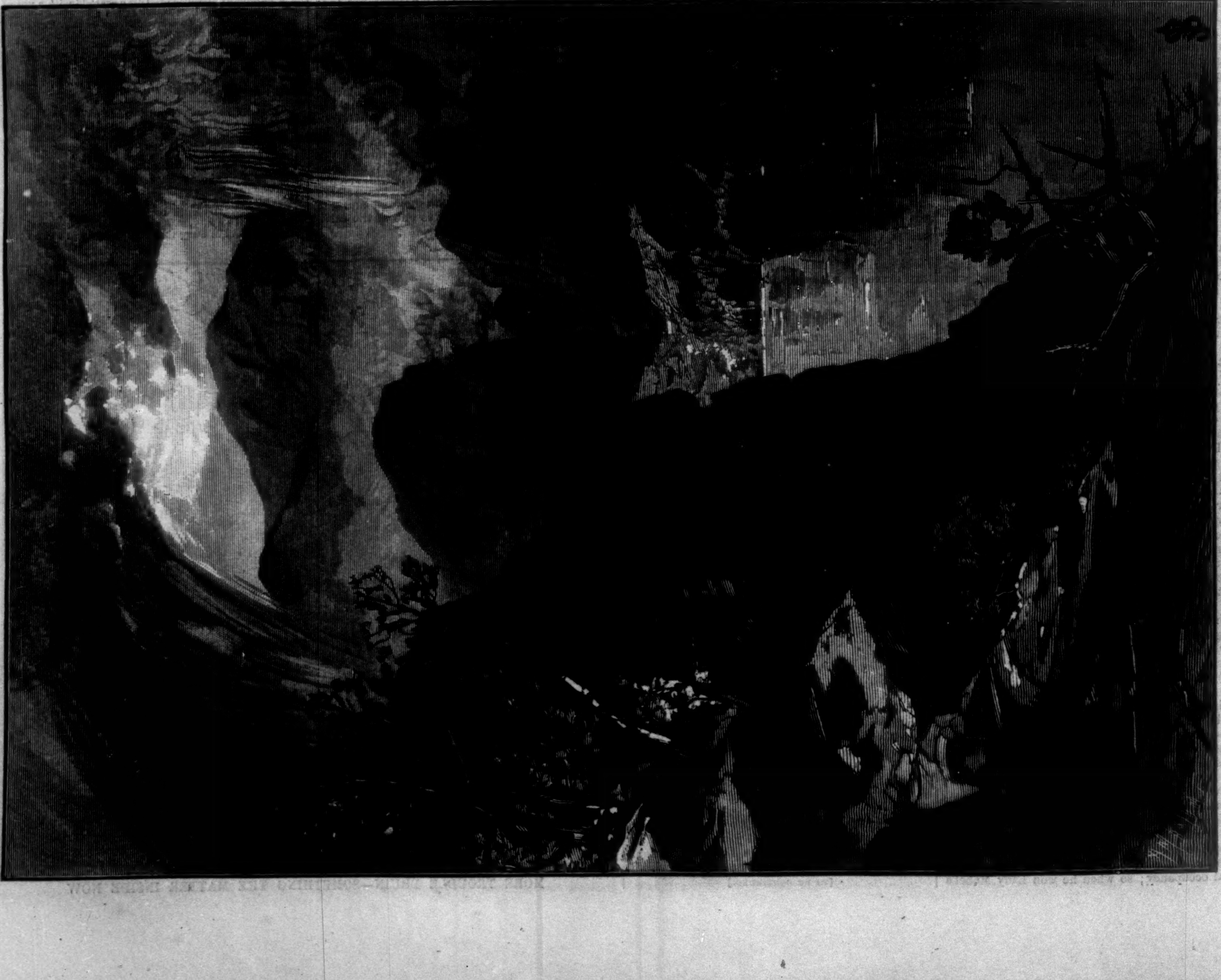
A few days ago, at the breakfast table, his mother said she dreamed a man had shot her in the arm, and then she woke up. Master Five-year-old listened with becoming gravity until the story was done, and then he said, "It's a pity, mamma, you didn't keep on sleeping; you'd have hung that man before you woke up."



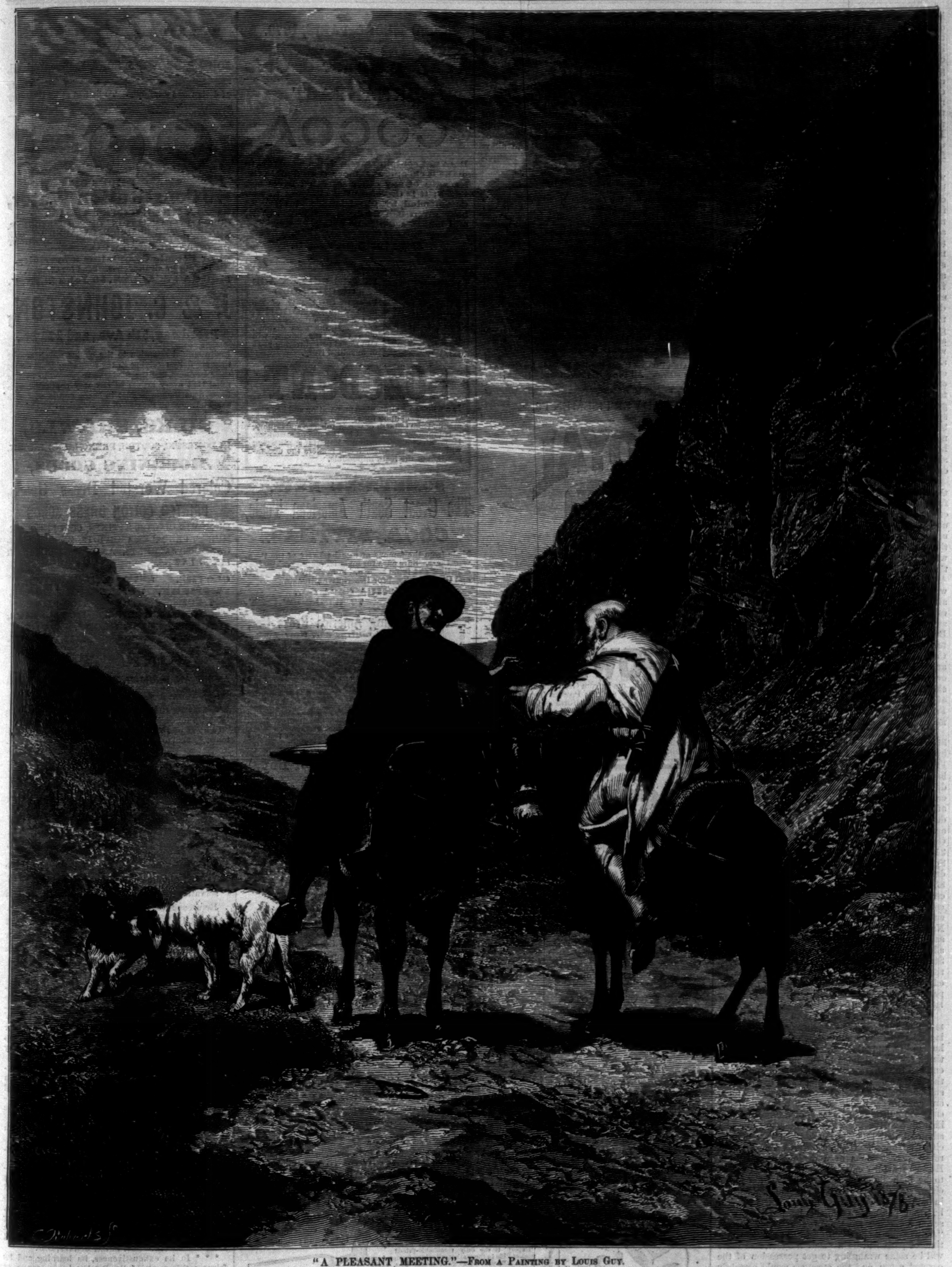
MORE TROUBLE BRUIN—SOMETHING THE MATTER INSIDE NOW.



"A GOAT PASTURE."—FROM THE PAINTING BY GEORGE H. SMILLIE.—[SEE PAGE 393.]



"IN THE ADIRONDACKS."—FROM THE PAINTING BY JAMES D. SMILLIE.—[SEE PAGE 393.]



"A PLEASANT MEETING."—From a Painting by Louis Guy.

THE ACADEMY.

On the opposite page we give engravings from two vigorous and interesting landscapes, respectively from the studios of James D. and George H. Smillie, both of whom have attained high position as landscape painters. The picture called "A Goat Pasture" hangs in the South Room at the Academy, and is numbered 389 in the catalogue. It is a striking example of how much can be made of simple material. The scene is rather dreary, and yet the artist endows it with a fascination which many a prettier composition does not possess. Mr. James D. Smillie's picture, which hangs in the North Room, and is numbered 214, has the advantage of picturesque beauty in subject, and it is treated in a masterly style.

CAPTAIN BOYTON'S LONG FLOAT.

Captain Boyton's voyage in his marvellous life-saving suit from Oil City, on the Alleghany River, through the Ohio to the Mississippi, and down this river to New Orleans—a distance of 2342 miles—is the latest and one of the most remarkable feats of human endurance on record. The captain's ingenious contrivance, namely, the rubber suit and paddle, which made this miracle possible, has already been described in the *Weekly*, and needs no further reference here. After eighty days upon the waters, the gallant swimmer arrived at New Orleans on the 27th of April, and received the ovation that appears to be always ready for those who succeed in any great athletic achievement.

In our engraving on page 385 the gallant captain appears off Vicksburg, a sketch having been made of him and his singular little craft from the deck of the steam-yacht *Picayune*, which put out from that city for the express purpose of accompanying the famous swimmer a few miles down the river. The last run was the longest period passed by Captain Boyton in the water during his whole trip. He started from Baton Rouge at eight o'clock on the morning of April 26, a large crowd having gathered to witness his departure. The day was rough, and the river full of whirlpools. His exhausted condition forbade his making rapid progress, and after a few hours out he had a most terrible experience. Owing to the roughness of the day, the volunteer guard boats were afraid to venture out; and as the captain wearily plied his paddle, water-spouts began to form on the river surface and surge by at a tremendous speed. The horror of the situation can not be described. BOYTON exerted himself manfully to save himself from being drawn from the water by the suck, and had two or three narrow escapes. Finally his little provision boat *Baby Mine* was caught in a whirlpool and drawn under water. It was only after a fight that the famous craft was rescued, minus half her contents.

Captain BOYTON is one of those enthusiasts whose zeal in his own peculiar line knows no bounds. His history is the record of one long effort on the part of a man to emulate the qualifications of a fish. In his boyhood, which was by no means that of a contented, home-loving youth, a contemporary tells us, "his wildness took the not undesirable direction of water, and his swimming scrapes, or rather his stealing-from-home-to-swim scrapes, were countless." At ten years of age he saved a lad named THOMAS M'CAFFERY from drowning under the St. Clair Bridge. After a good education at Loretto, Pennsylvania, he drifted to Cape May, life-saving having become a mania with him. Here, barefooted and often hungry, he lived a sort of gypsy life along the shore, and during his stay there saved seventy bathers who had gotten beyond the danger line. In 1874, aided by the money and advice of MERRIMAN, after whom his suit is named, he completed and patented his present life-saving armor. Determined to test it thoroughly, he conceived the idea of going two hundred and forty miles out to sea, springing from the vessel, and making his way back to the American shore. But he could find no captain willing to let him essay the feat. Then he went aboard the *Queen*, of the National Steamship Line, without making known his object, his only baggage being his suit and his paddle.

The story of Captain BOYTON's arguments with the commander of this vessel, who absolutely refused to let him leave the ship in his rubber suit, contending that no man should commit suicide under his eyes, might be extended to several columns. Not till he neared the English coast was the desired permission granted, and the suit, which had been taken away from him as a lunatic, restored. Then BOYTON leaped into the sea. As he struck the water, he lost a signal light which he was to have set off to show that he was all right. He called back, however, "All right, captain; go ahead." The great fans of the steamer turned, and she steamed away, leaving BOYTON "to do or die." He stood up in the water until he could feel the wind upon his cheek, then knew his course, and paddled away for land and life. The storm did come, and was a memorable one. That night, as the British records show, fifty-five vessels were lost. BOYTON's story of his night-long experience in it, and his almost Providential landing on the Irish coast, would make eloquent chapters.

The gallant captain's next important feat was his crossing the English Channel, accompanied by the press boat *Rambler*. When nearing the French coast in a fog, the pilot of the *Rambler* lost his bearings, and Captain BOYTON was induced to come on board for the safety of the craft. Soon after he left Gris-nez, France, and after seventeen hours' hard paddling, landed under the South Foreland Lights of England. Voyages down the Rhine, the Danube, the Saône, the Garonne, the Po, and Tiber followed, and on the 31st of January, 1878, he started from Toledo, in Spain, down the river Tagus, and in eighteen days and nights reached Lisbon—a distance of 850 miles, and the longest voyage until the present one that he had ever attempted. He was received by the King and Queen of Portugal, and subsequently knighted by King ALFONSO of Spain. Next he entered the French service to drill the sailors in the use of the suit, which the navy had adopted, and he is now on leave in the United States. After exhibiting before President HAYES, the cabinet, Congress, and the legations, he reached his home in Pittsburgh, leaving it in the early part of this year to make arrangements for his latest and most remarkable voyage.

Captain BOYTON's feat has been spoken of with much acrimony in several journals, some regarding it as a useless and reprehensible trifling with human life, and others denouncing it as an advertising scheme intended to further a bill at present before Congress, the provisions of which are that every ship-owner shall purchase one of these suits, at about $50 each, for each vessel of 50 tons, and one for each additional 200 tons, until *seven* suits are put on board vessels of a tonnage specified by Mr. MERRIMAN, the inventor. It must be admitted that there is much truth in the criticisms advanced. Captain BOYTON certainly did reach New Orleans in a deplorable condition. He was fearfully emaciated, and so exhausted as to be immediately ordered to bed by his physicians. Again, there is certainly much absurdity in suggesting that vessels which carry several hundred passengers should be provided with seven of these suits. As one writer insists, "*Seven* suits among 300 or 400 passengers in a time of peril will be a small number, and there will be some wrangling to get possession of the coveted seven, and the stronger would certainly have them, even if they have to commit murder to obtain them." At the same time Captain BOYTON's aquatic feats are not more unworthy than the other dangerous athletic enterprises which are constantly being undertaken. His dress is by no means a useless invention, though we would suggest that it is more reasonable to look upon it as an expensive luxury suited to a timid and wealthy mariner than as a necessary part of a vessel's outfit, considering that in case of disaster the fiftieth part of such a suit would be all that any one among the ship's company could justly claim.

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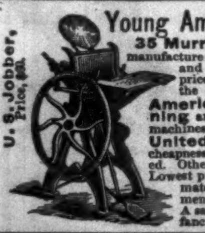
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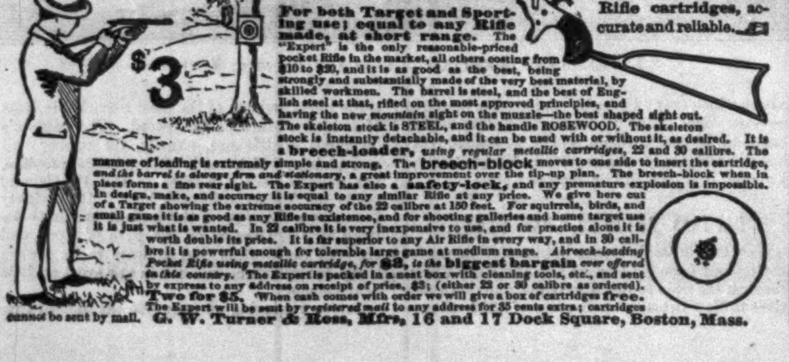

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